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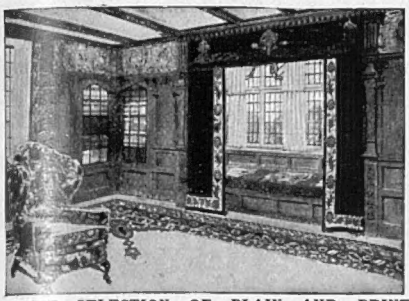

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 433.—Vol. XXXIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 20, 1912 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

REAL WORKERS FOR IRELAND'S WELFARE

Notable ladies who took part in the Royal Irish Industries Exhibition at Londonderry House

(Left to right): Lady Doreen Long, Countess of Ilchester, Viscountess Castlereagh, and Miss Chaplin

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—Pistol (*modified*)

Mr. Shaw Satisfied!

"WHAT a lovely *big* strike this is." Such, I am credibly informed, was the comment of Mr. Bernard Shaw on opening his newspaper at the beginning of the second week of the coal war. I am glad it satisfies somebody, if only on account of its size.

* * *

The Nothingness of Everything

AMONG other industries crippled by the strike is that of the newspaper commentator. While the strike was merely imminent, his adjectival engines were working full time. The supply of pessimism was as inexhaustible as the demand. Then the strike happened. . . . So did nothing else. That many industries are at a standstill is the undoubted fact, but so far as the general public is concerned, little is taking place but talk. Coal prices are high, but so they were during the period of doubt. Suburban trains are fewer than they were, but the suburban public has found other means of getting to Town. Affairs of the world at large interest us no less. We crowd into a murder trial by day, and into the theatres by night. We follow Mr. Bottomley no less carefully, and are as ready for a new German naval scare as a hungry dog is for a bone. The truth is not that there is indifference to national danger, but merely that the actualities of war, industrial or military, do not seriously disturb the lives of peoples until they have been going on for a considerable time.

* * *

Would the Cabinet Resign?

MEANWHILE we are to have a Minimum Wage Bill. If passed, no doubt the strike will cease. If not, the Cabinet will, one presumes, resign, and leave to a stop-gap Conservative Cabinet the task of taking the needed drastic measures. I understand that many Liberals think that, from a purely party point of view, the Government would do a very clever thing by resigning on the Coal Strike. For one thing, it would release them from the intolerable strain of Home Rule plus Suffrage, which must break them sooner or later; for another, it would leave their opponents the dirtiest of work to do. If the repeal of the Trades' Disputes Act and seizure of Union funds is left to the Conservatives, that party will be brought into violent collision with the Labour-Socialists, and will have the responsibility for the conduct of a "sort of" civil war. The Conservative leaders might, of course, refuse office under such circumstances. Precedent, however, favours courage. A stop-gap Ministry, in however small a minority in the Commons, does suggest to the country that it has a choice of Governments, and Mr. Balfour might get round him a really strong combination. Did I say Mr. Balfour? I beg pardon. I should have said . . . no, on second thoughts I *mean* Mr. Balfour.

* * *

Mr. Asquith

IF the Government should weather the storm, there will almost certainly be a change of captain. Mr. Asquith has hardly improved his personal reputation by his handling of the negotiations. Who would succeed him? Well, not, it is expected, Mr. George, whose health is again bad. Probably Sir Edward Grey, possibly—Mr. Churchill!

* * *

A Foreign Scare

WHAT is in the wind abroad? The *Daily Telegraph* gave us all a nasty shock on Saturday, which was immediately felt on the Bourses at home and abroad. That the "grave diplomatic crisis" was an Anglo-German one was the first fear. Second thoughts, however, led us to the Balkans again, with Russia as the incendiary. Knowing Britain to be absolutely powerless to act abroad, the Tsar is not likely to lose so splendid an opportunity.

THE COAL STRIKE

Smith (determined to end a feline argument without): "Hand me a piece of coal, dear! No, stop—the marble clock"

(By Charles Sykes)

The Agony of Justice

A MURDER—AND THE WIDESPREAD MISERY OF ITS AFTERMATH

THE JURY (ON THE RIGHT) WHO FOUND THE MURDERER (SEEN IN THE DOCK ON THE LEFT) GUILTY

THE JUDGE (WEARING THE BLACK CAP) PRONOUNCES SENTENCE

No one who witnessed or read of the murder trial which concluded at the Old Bailey last week could help feeling profound sympathy for the judge, jury, and legal experts employed. Their agony of mind can only vaguely be imagined. The judge was reduced to tears and all who took part must feel the effects of the awful strain for some time. A man and his wife were tried for murder. The husband was sentenced to death and the wife acquitted. In both cases we have Justice—and tears

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!" New Revue IDA CRISPI, ROBERT HALE, FARREN SOUTAR, etc. "NEW YORK" Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT, Fred Farren, etc. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

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Norwegian Fjords	Cr.	5—Jun.	28 to July	11
Norway, Copenhagen	Cr.	C—July	11 to July	30
Spitzbergen, Norway	Cr.	6—July	16 to Aug.	13
Russia, Sweden, &c.	Cr.	D—Aug.	2 to Aug.	26
Norwegian Fjords	Cr.	7—Aug.	16 to Aug.	29
Norway, Copenhagen	Cr.	E—Aug.	28 to Sep.	10
Dalmatia, Venice, &c.	Cr.	8—Sep.	6 to Oct.	4
Madeira, Teneriffe	Cr.	F—Sep.	12 to Oct.	1
Constantinople, Greece	Cr.	9—Oct.	10 to Nov.	2

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R.M.S.P.

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2.	NORWAY FJORDS	28 June	13 days
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5.	NORWAY FJORDS	10 Aug	13 days
6.	BALTIC & RUSSIA	24 Aug	24 days
7.	PENINSULA & MOROCCO	28 Sept	10 days
8.	HOLY LAND & EGYPT	9 Oct	29 days
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CHARITIES.

THE

CHURCH ARMY

will most gratefully receive donations towards supplying

COAL

to the deserving poor, and otherwise relieving their distress. Thousands in no way responsible for the strike are enduring

BITTER PRIVATION.

Cheques crossed "Barclays' a/c Church Army" (earmarked "Coal Fund"), payable to Prebendary Carlile, Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Marble Arch, W.

A party of 280 Boys and Girls left

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

last week en route for Canada, and it is hoped that they will be as successful as their 23,622 predecessors. 98 per cent. have done well. The cost is £10 per head, and for this amount a photograph and brief history of the emigrant will be sent if desired. Will you give one of these young people the chance of their lifetime?

Cheques payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," may be sent to the Honorary Director, William Baker, LL.B., 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, E.

Proposed Suffrage Martyrs' Memorial

In view of the prospect that those who are suffering penalties for other people's panes will ultimately be acclaimed martyrs, we suggest that a stained-glass window, suitably smashed, something like the above, would be the most effective memorial

DRAWN FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY CHARLES R. SYKES

Sport on River and Racecourse

England's Oarsmen in Embryo

IF you are an Eton boy you can't go on the river before a certain date, unless you happen to be a member of one of the crews in training for trial eights. For the rank and file of the College—if one may use such an expression in connection with so exclusive an institution—there is no rowing until the rowing season is formally and officially opened with that time-honoured ceremony, the procession of boats, which recurs in a still more glorified form on the fourth of June—Eton's (and, therefore, England's) greatest day. This procession of boats with their "man-o'-war" names, *Monarch, Dreadnought, Victory,* and so on, is one of Eton's most unique and, at the same time, most impressive ceremonies. It is an honour to be captain of one of these boats; it is an honour to be chosen to row in them; and it is a greater honour to be chosen to row in some than in others. The whole thing is very delightful and very English.

***

'Chasing at Cheltenham

FOR a real, rousing, sporting country gathering commend me to the annual meeting of the National Hunt, which for the last two years has found an excellent home at Cheltenham. There were big crowds at the meeting on its two days last week, and the racing went off without a hitch. All that troubled the majority of the visitors on the opening afternoon was the downfall of the favourites in the chief race. Some of those who had backed Parakitoe at a comparatively short price vowed that they would never again make a bet on this race.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE BOATS

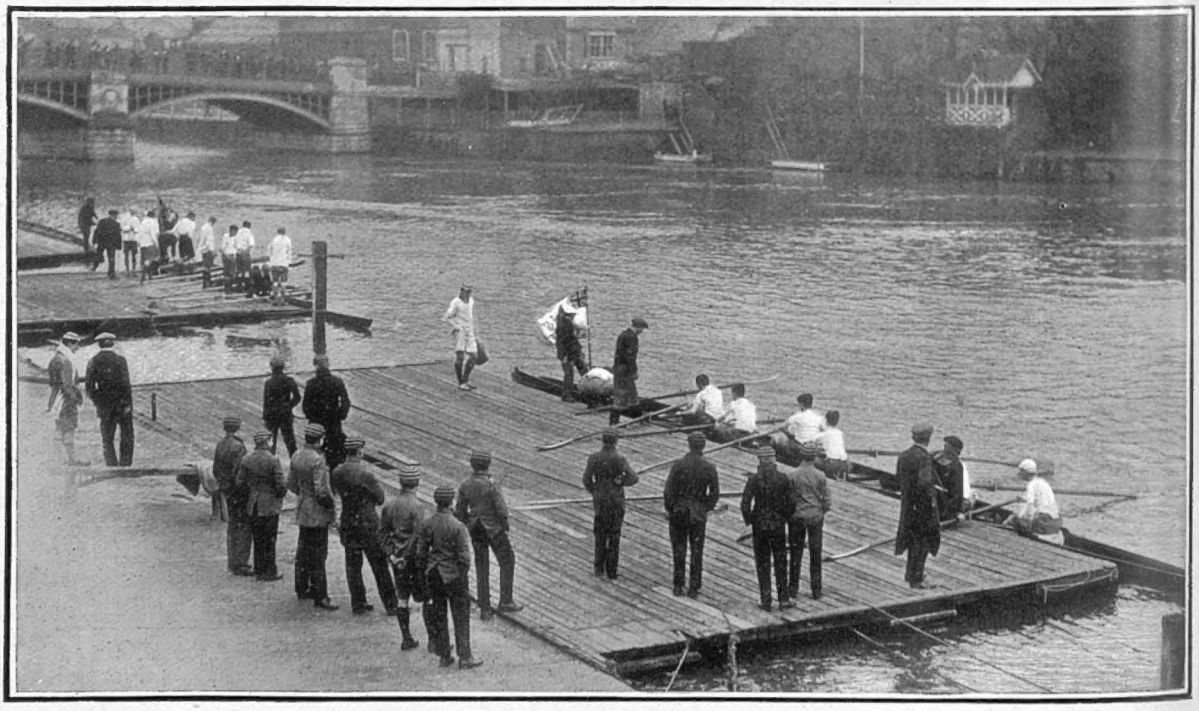
F. F. V. Scrutton (stroke) and the Hon. G. F. Freeman (cox) of the ten-oared "Monarch," which heads the procession of upper boats at Eton

A BOAT'S CREW WAITING TO EMBARK

***

A Social Success

SOCIALLY, the gathering was a tremendous success, in spite of the absence of Royal visitors. Lord Coventry, who has seen about fifty of these meetings, declared that he had never known so great a crowd as mustered on Wednesday. He said that he was glad to see so many people at the meeting, yet half regretted it, because the dense cluster in the paddock prevented him from getting a proper look at the horses. The Cheltenham people must be sincerely congratulated upon the gallant efforts they have made to render this meeting a tip-top success.

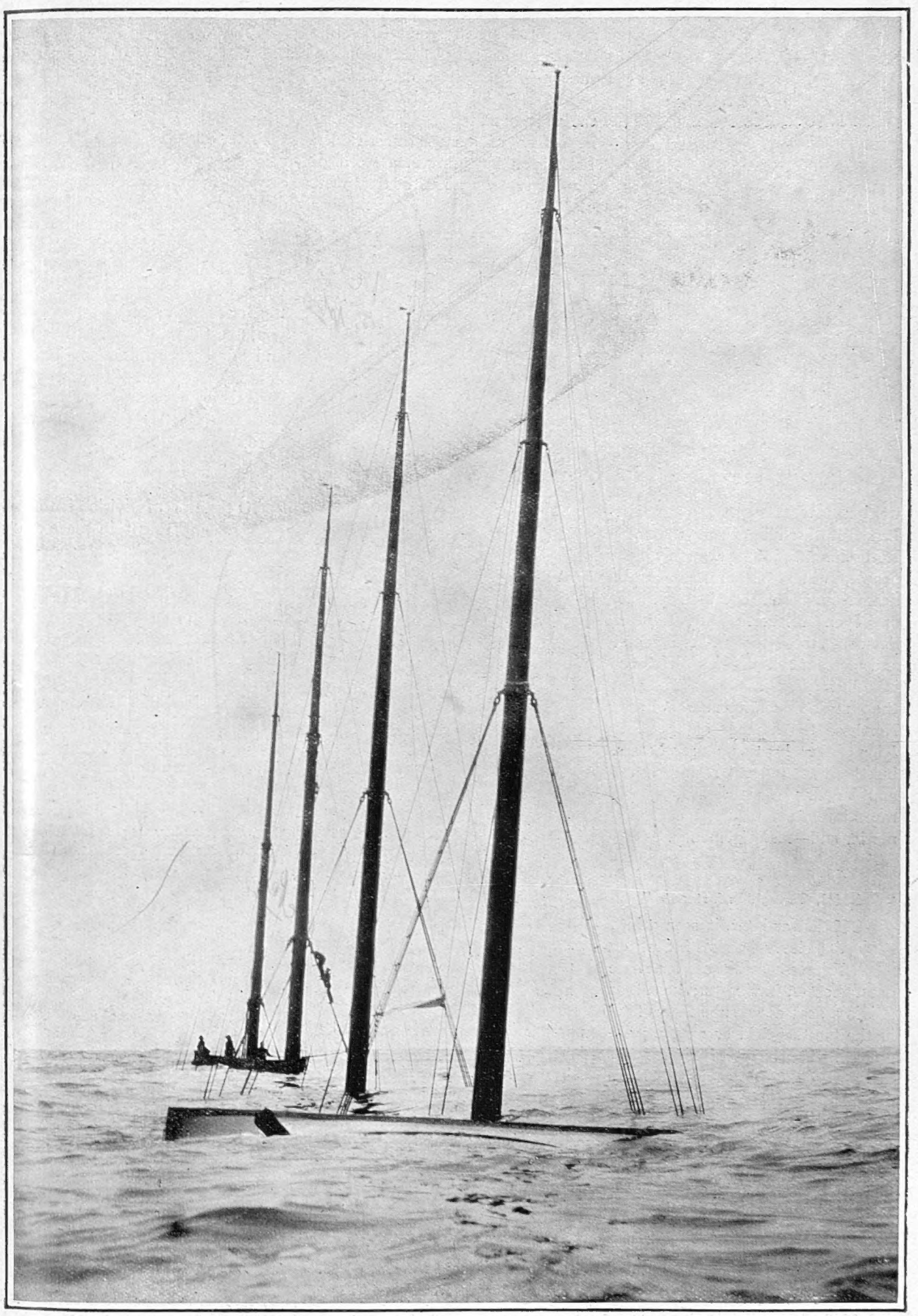


TWO OF THE BOATS ALONGSIDE THE RAFTS BEING MANNED FOR THE PROCESSION

The procession of boats, with which the rowing season at Eton is formally opened, took place on Wednesday last

After the "Delhi" the "Oceana"

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WRECK, AND A STRANGE COINCIDENCE CONCERNING HER CARGO



Striking exclusive photograph of the wreck of the "Oceana," showing sunken lifeboat in the foreground, and Trinity House boat astern. The P. and O. liner collided off Beachy Head on Saturday morning with the German barque "Pisagua," losing some dozen lives, and £750,000 bullion. Part of the cargo sunk comprised many cases of articles (clothing, swords, etc.) on their way to India, in place of those lost in the wreck of the "Delhi" last December

Social, Suffragist and Election Topics

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH
Who met with a nasty accident in the hunting field last week

The Passing of a Victorian

OF the popularity of the late Mr. Arthur Sassoon, practically the same may be written as was said of "Mr. Leo." Rothschild, except that the Rothschilds are comparatively new people, while the Sassoons trace descent from someone in the Bible, or even further. Mr. Arthur Sassoon, too, was an old friend and constant host—at Brighton, in Albert Gate, and at Tulchan, the most comfortable house North of the Tweed—of the late King; he kept no racehorses, but he was a keen racing man; and he was always, like all his race, interested in art, the drama, music, and—making money.

***

"Faithful, Though Unfortunate"

SOONER or later, it seems, into the clever hands of Surgeon Fripp come all those fortunate ones who, not having to dig coal for a living, keep down superfluous flesh in the hunting-field or on the polo-ground. The latest of Sir Alfred's distinguished patients is the Duke of Marlborough, who badly smashed a shoulder-blade during a run with the Quorn last week. The Duke is a keen politician, and quite often "says things" in the Lords. Something of a collector and a great hunting man, the Duke lives at the Ritz when in Town, and at Blenheim of late has entertained quite a lot, chiefly when his sons, who by mutual arrangement reside half the year with him and half with their mother, are with him.

"The Bystander" and Mrs. Pankhurst

SIR,—I am not a militant Suffragette, but as an old woman—English, and the mother of English men and women—I thank you in the name of English motherhood for that, in the midst of all the cant and howling hypocrisy of our capitalist-ridden Press, you have put in a word of manly protest against the treatment of Mrs. Pankhurst. I have never seen that lady, but, again, in her

THE LATE MR. ARTHUR SASSOON
King Edward's friend and host, died last week at the age of seventy-two. The great Eastern Merchant often entertained the late King at his various houses

name and the name of women who love fair play, I thank you.

There are men to-day in England, thank God! even among the hysterical members of the Press.—I am, Sir, yours gratefully,

EMILY MORGAN DOCKRELL
Harcourt House, Cavendish Sq., W.

***

DEAR SIR,—I feel I must write a word of thanks for your kind "Plea for Mrs. Pankhurst" in this week's issue, and for the sympathy I have read (if only between the lines!) in former copies. THE BYSTANDER is the only illustrated paper I take in weekly on this account, and I shall do my best to praise and boom it among all my friends.—Yours gratefully, NORA VIEHERMAN,
Villa Esplanade, Scarborough.

***

DEAR SIR,—I wish to tender to you my sincere thanks for your chivalrous paragraph on page 530 of this week's BYSTANDER. Contrasted with the hysterical shrieks of many of the papers it shines like a jewel, and I feel sure that not only will all Suffragettes (whether militant or non-militant) be grateful to you, but that all lovers of fair play and decency will also join me in thanking you.—I am, yours very truly,

(MRS.) MARY WILLOCK.
16, Warwick Square, S.W.

***

The Epsom Grievance—Sequel

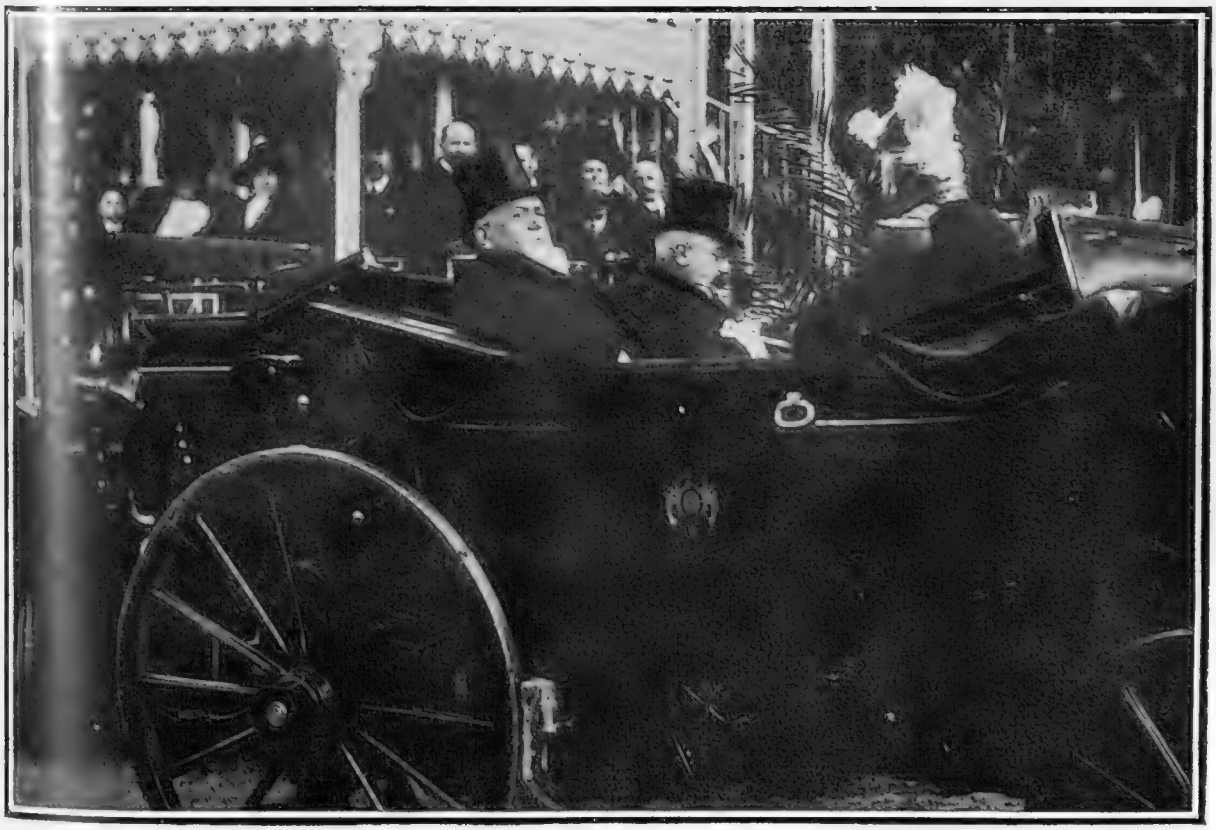
SO the Epsom Division is to send to Parliament, in place of the late Member, his son, Mr. Henry Keswick, of whose public qualifications the average elector has little or no knowledge. When an election is contested, a candidate, whether or not a local man, has to prove the stuff of which he is made. In cases where no fight is shown, the electors have no such opportunity of testing his mettle, and the selection of the candidate should be made by a much more democratic method than the votes of delegates

"WHAT WILL TEDDY'S NEXT MOVE BE?"
Colonel Roosevelt having helped Mr. Taft into the Presidency, is now busy trying to help himself into it. Our photograph shows the President closely studying one of his "friend's" speeches

PRESIDENTS COMING?— AND GOING

EX—AND NEXT?—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

A strong and characteristic photograph taken in the editorial rooms of the "Outlook," New York.



PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES (AT VINCENNES)

Who will retire in a little less than a twelvemonth, that is, at the conclusion of his seven years of office. On the whole, his term will be accounted a success, for during it France has entirely recovered her position in the world, and the Republic has become strengthened

The Lesson of Empire Still Being Taught—

"You are coming on. You are growing. I am, unfortunately, grown and getting a bit old, but the Empire is not a bit old. What we want is to grow old together, to grow more and more into one, and to become a band of brothers."

LORD HALDANE TO THE AUSTRALIAN CADETS, AT THE WAR OFFICE, MARCH 12, 1912

whose names and personalities are unknown to the general electorate. The man who represents so vast and so diverse a division as this, even if the other side has no say in the matter, should at least be the chosen of his own party. For my part, I should be exceedingly gratified if the Young Unionists who abound in the Epsom Division were to combine and put up an Independent. In this, they might even have the support of the lord of the Durdans himself!

* * *

Wake Up, Unionists!

ONE is reminded, apropos, of the very different methods that obtain in America. To whichever party a candidate belongs, whether he be a Roosevelt or a Taft, up for the Presidency, or a mere State legislator, he is the selection of the whole party itself, and is their picked man. It would be ideal were that the case here. Save during election time, there is a tendency in Conservative divisions absolutely to ignore the ordinary voter, and when a vacancy arises, the candidate is as often as not one of whom he is wholly ignorant. This is as much the fault of the electorate as of the party managers. They should not allow themselves to be ignored, and if their Associations do not call them together, they should buy bugles and call themselves together. There is not going to be a Conservative victory unless the Conservative democracy wakes up and thinks, talks, and works for itself.

"I wish you every prosperity in the careers which you may adopt in life."

MR. LEWIS HARCOURT, COLONIAL SECRETARY, TO THE AUSTRALIAN CADETS

* * *

The Empire Orator To-Date

IT is as an orator of Empire that Lord Haldane evidently sees his future. I do not think any living statesman, save Mr. Chamberlain himself, could have phrased an Imperial speech more happily than did the War Secretary his to the Australian cadets. His phraseology was most happy, and whatever we may think of his conduct of the War Office, there is no doubt whatever that Lord Haldane is a true and an eloquent exponent of the ideals of Empire.

* * *

The Halfpenny Press Gibe

TALKING of Lord Haldane, a surprisingly bitter attack upon him appeared in the Harmsworth journals apropos some harmless allusions of his to the "emotions of the halfpenny Press." Dear, dear, if a Cabinet Minister isn't to be allowed to jeer at the halfpenny Press, what may he jeer at? And isn't being jeered at part of the carefully anticipated advertising policy of this very powerful class of journalism?

Though Not—Alas—by the First of Teachers

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AT CANNES

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the veteran statesman, who is now 76 years of age, is staying at Cannes with his wife. The famous politician is deriving much benefit from his stay in this favourite winter resort, and, as he is able to read the papers, must be gratified to learn how strongly Imperialistic a tone is now being imparted into the speeches of those who were formerly among the scoffers. A useful case in point is Lord Haldane's speech, quoted opposite

Thoughts in the Train

SEX-RELATIONSHIP AND THE SUFFRAGE

THIS Suffrage Question is playing the devil—not only with window panes, but with romance. A revolution is taking place, of which our dramatists must take instant notice. In olden days there were roughly five possible attitudes on the part of intelligent man towards intelligent woman—like, dislike, love, hatred, and indifference. Now they have been simplified down to two—he either agrees or disagrees with her on the Suffrage. Man is either "Pro" or "Anti." So is Woman. In the earlier stages of an acquaintance, the old normal conditions may prevail. Man meets woman. They are interested in each other's looks, circumstances, tastes, temperaments, and so on and so forth. Then, at a given moment, something is said about the Suffrage. The supreme question is asked by the eyes—"Pro" or "Anti"? and on the answer hangs the whole future of the acquaintance. If she is "Pro" and he turns out to be so too, then the relationship is going to be changed. Liking is going to become warmer; dislike to become liking; indifference to become interest; hatred to become toleration, while Love itself will become strengthened by the magic of intellectual sympathy. Suffrage is going to send the thermometer either up or down. If "Pro" Woman finds Man to be "Anti," the mercury is going down. Where woman is "Anti" and man is "Pro," relationship will be changed too. A woman who doesn't want Suffrage, but looks forward to stopping at home and minding some man's babies, isn't going to like the "Pro" man too much. That he has any sympathy whatever with those odious window-smashers can only be because he has something unnatural and suspicious about him. Suffrage is a monster that has reared its head in the forest of romance with consequences not easily to be foreseen.

—•••—

To take a "pragger exagger," as I once heard an Oxonian call a "practical example." It has just left the train in which I am now thinking, on my way to spend a week-end in the West Countree. When I took my seat in the restaurant car, the only other person at my table was a man of about thirty with some claim to looks. Enter a handsome woman of about his own age, followed by a stout, red-faced, large-featured man, some fifteen or twenty years her senior. The younger man and the woman eyed each other for some few minutes. Then she said "Jack!"

"Why," he said, "its Kitty!" They hadn't met since boy and girlhood—ten or twelve years ago. They told each other, with glad glances, that neither had changed a little bit. Then they settled down, Kitty introducing Jack, rather curtly, to "her husband." For two and a half hours Jack and Kitty carried on a close and confidential chat, eyeing each other in a way that made me turn occasionally to the husband, who was not being honoured with a word from either, and who didn't look as though he liked it a little bit. When she gave her (and his) address to Jack and suggested that he should call, the husband frowned.

—•••—

I was interested, I confess. It all seemed so like a short story of the type that you, Sir, so strongly disapprove of, but, nevertheless, do continue to publish in THE BYSTANDER. But then the romance switched off the track. This way. Jack made a remark to her husband about the Suffragettes, and agreed with him that the whole lot of them ought to be subjected to humiliating punishment. Kitty's eyes flashed, and she closed her lips. Their conversation suddenly lulled. Jack picked up a paper. Kitty, for the first time, favoured *me* with an inquiring glance, as though asking whether I agreed with the brutal suggestion. I glanced back a half-negative, and then sideways, at her husband. He was still reading the shooting notes in the *Field*, but there was a smile of intense amusement on his face. I saw at once the situation. *She* was Pro-Suffrage, and the bringing up of that subject for discussion safely protected her from the amorous attention of any rational-minded young man!

—•••—

The Suffrage is, I repeat, going to have the most devastating effect on the future relationship of the sexes. I know it to be the absolute fact that the thing the average "happily married" husband of to-day dreads is not the entry into his house of the fascinating male gallant, but of the Suffragette. The man would rather see a whole army of Adonises enter than one member of the Strenuous Sisterhood. Haven't you seen it done? The Suffragette friend motors down for the day with her husband to look up "poor little Minnie X——." They lunch together quite pleasantly, and afterwards the husbands go out for a stroll or to the golf club, returning in time for tea. But the home to which the happy husband returns isn't the happy home he left. The ladies have been *talking*. The New Peril has come into that home, and he's not going soon to see the end of it. It isn't that his wife is going to rebel against him, but she has had sown into her little mind the seeds of revolt against Herself. She's going to begin to wonder *why* she stays at home. She has accepted the invitation to go and dine one day at the Suffragette's club. And it's easy enough to see the future of it all. She is going, bit by bit, to relinquish her household interests, and carefully to curtail by anticipation any addition to her responsibilities. She is going to be a good deal more out than before—and when her husband complains she has a short, sharp retort ready for him.

—•••—

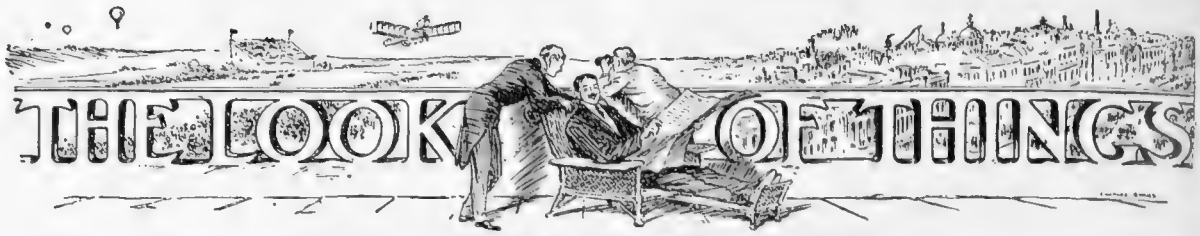
The Suffrage is the signal for a change of weather not only in politics, but also in Romance and in the English home. Perhaps some change is needed?

Perhaps it is! I will hope for the best. But meanwhile, I'm—well, never mind! JOURNEYMAN

In Recognition of a Splendid Effort

The Organiser of the First Imperial Press Conference

Though late, the honour to Mr. Harry E. Brittain, for his splendid efforts in organising the first Imperial Press Conference, is none the less welcome. The idea of bringing all the press men of the Empire together in 1910 was Mr. Brittain's own, and so was also the actual execution of it. Whatever may have been the results of the discussions of the Conference, the moral effect of the assembly has proved lasting. The painting above, by Mr. W. Orpen, A.R.A., was presented to Mr. Brittain by the newspaper owners of the United Kingdom



FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

EVERYTHING works out for the best in the long run; and on the whole we are glad to know that the South Pole will continue to be called by that name, and not *Lloyd's* Pole or the *Daily Chronicle* Nail or anything of that sort.

* * *

The fact is we got a little tired of reading that "By the courteous permission of our enterprising contemporary, we are enabled to state that the South Pole has been reached. All rights reserved. Copyright in the United States and all Countries signatory to the Berne Convention." It seemed a little wordy, especially after reading "Explorer's Laconic Telegram" on a poster.

* * *

It goes to show what an awful thing it would be if all news could be cornered. Fancy having to state that, by the courteous permission of most of our enterprising contemporaries, Mr. Asquith bungled the Coal Strike!

* * *

Captain Amundsen, by the way, declares that in the low temperatures found round the Pole "even dog makes a delicious dish." People who have run out of coal for some days might like to try it, but we think it would be wasteful to make the experiment with anything larger than a Pom.

* * *

An old lady, who has been reading of the great enthusiasm which the French War Minister has roused in France for the army, by means of a weekly tattoo, writes to ask why Lord Haldane cannot show himself equally manly and patriotic by being tattooed too. Even one operation, she thinks, would arouse enthusiasm.

* * *

Rumour has it that the German North Sea Squadron is to be increased by one-third. This may not be aimed at England, but it is bound to cause some annoyance here, if only because it will decrease still further our supply of German waiters.

An American lady who did not wish to receive a newspaper representative, sent her gramophone to speak to him instead. This clever idea is not likely, however, to appeal here, as there is still a something in the timbre of a gramophone which does not adequately represent an English lady's voice.

* * *

Nevertheless, there is a great deal to be said for substituting a gramophone for oneself on certain occasions. If some dull people are calling, for example, or the tax-collector, and you don't personally want to meet them, but you want to say something to them that will prevent them calling again, what could be more useful?

* * *

There are lots of golfers we have met who would be far happier if they sent a gramophone to do a round for them instead of going themselves. The gramophones would, in some ways, be more effective too, for you can't really always say what you want to when you are hot and annoyed.

* * *

Mr. Israel Zangwill is to write for the Yiddish Theatre which was opened in the East End on Saturday, and we understand that the joint Censors are now studying Yiddish for all they are worth in order to be able to blue-pencil anything that doesn't seem to be quite fit for the ears of our younger Hebrews.

* *

Professor Bourne has started an Anthropometric Laboratory at Oxford, at which "the cranial development of undergraduates is measured, as well as that of the body generally." We agree with Cambridge men that a similar institute should be started at their University, even though no positive results need immediately be looked for.

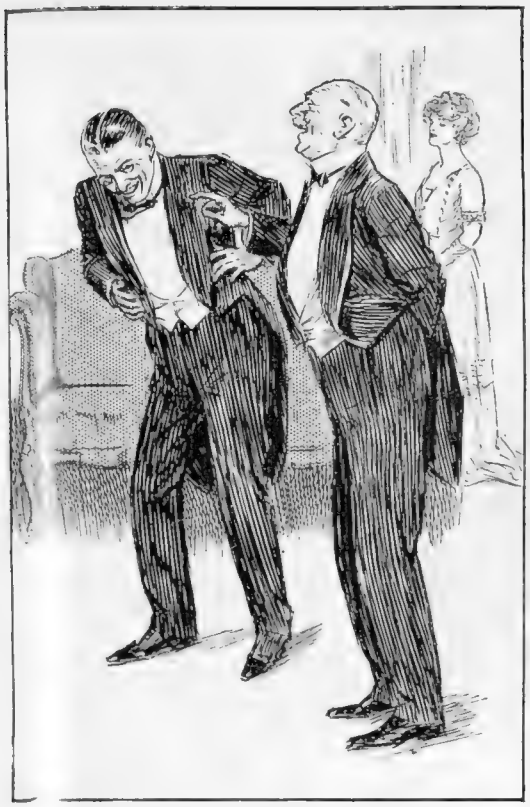
* * *

"A large house situated near Hampstead Heath has been purchased," says a contemporary, "by Mme. Anna Pavlova." No wonder that this high-lying suburb is beginning to be known as "Happy Hampstead."

SAYINGS I DON'T AGREE WITH

NO. 5.—THAT "OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST"
(By Arthur Watts)

Prudence Is Told a Doubtful Story



THE COLONEL TELLS THE STORY TO A SUBALTERN

AND IS ENCOURAGED TO REPEAT IT

THE SUBALTERN EMPHASISES IT

BUT IT IS NOT ALTOGETHER A SUCCESS

BY E. F. SHERIE

Authors and Producers of Popular Plays

"MILESTONES"

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT
Part Author of "Milestones"

MR. FRANK VERNON
Producer of "Milestones"

MR. EDWARD KNOBLAUGH
Part Author of "Milestones"

AT THE
ROYALTY
and
VAUDEVILLE
THEATRES

"KIPPS"

MR. RUDOLF BESIER
Part Author of the play "Kipps"

MR. LOUIS CALVERT
Producer of "Kipps"

MR. H. G. WELLS
Author of the novel and Part Author of the play "Kipps"

Camera portraits *E. O. Hoppé*

"Milestones" is the brilliant comedy which has scored such a success at the Royalty. "Kipps" will doubtless attract many of Mr. Wells's admirers to the Vaudeville

THAT BLESSED WORD CO-PARTNERY.

FURTHER CRITICISMS OF "SOCIAL UNIONISM"

In giving some considerable space to the discussion of this question, we make no apology, as we believe it to be second to none in importance at the present moment when the need for a solution of the Labour problem exceeds all other National questions. Below we publish one or two representative communications, at the end of which our writer, "V.C.," once again takes the platform and defends his ideas. [EDITOR].

From Mr. G. Bernard Shaw

CO-PARTNERSHIP and Profit-Sharing are improvements on raw competitive industrialism, as far as they are practicable. The workmen instead of having to be slavedriven, drive themselves, and produce their percentage in additon to that already enjoyed by the proprietors. Capitalists who voluntarily limit their dividends to 4 per cent. gain security in their investments and comparative peace in their consciences. A great deal of modern suburb building is done in that way. But the field is limited to enterprises in which employment is constant, and the same men remain with the firm all their lives. And limitation of dividends leads to extension of enterprises as often as to improvements of conditions. In short, the thing, good as far as it goes, is no panacea. That is all I have to say about it.—G. BERNARD SHAW.

From Mr. H. M. Hyndman

I HAVE not the slightest belief in co-partnership between capitalists and their wage-slaves in any shape whatever. It is, and must be, merely a disguised swindle. H. M. HYNDMAN.

From the Rev. A. J. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton

THE idea is magnificent, but largely impracticable. You can apply it to certain simple, stable industries, such as gas works. There there are only three or four grades of workers; there is practically no competition, and the risk of loss to the working-men co-partners is remote. But when you come to a highly complicated business, like shipbuilding, any qualified naval architect will tell you co-partnery will not work.

Why? Because such a business calls for brains. The British working-man is a great chap, and I love and honour him for his many fine qualities. But he lacks imagination, and he is extremely jealous of highly-paid officials. There is a certain co-operative society which conducts a gigantic and highly-complicated business. To be manager of such a concern calls for business genius. What does the manager get? He is paid £400 a year. To the working-man earning £2 a week £400 a year seems wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, and his lack of imagination prevents him from conceiving the possibility of a man being worth, say £2,000 a year. If they can get an efficient manager for £400 a year why should they pay more?

My answer to that is that a clever man is not going to be content with £400 a year. He is going to make a great deal more by devious means; and his brains will save him from being found out.

If co-partnery is to be a real thing, the working-man must be effectively represented on the Board, and if you give him such representation his first act will be to cut down the salaries of the men who really manage the business. The result would be that the business would be managed either by fools with nothing at all, or by clever rogues who would rob their co-partners. Brains must be paid for; and the business man realises this fact.

The other day I was at a famous West-end dressmakers, the manager of which is a friend of mine, and we were discussing this very question of co-partnery. In came an employé, a woman, on some matter of business, and when she had gone, my friend asked me what I thought they paid her.

"Well," I said, "what is she?" He told me that she was the head of the mantle department, and I guessed that she might be getting £5 a week. "We pay her—£750 a year; and she is worth that to our business," said my friend. Now suppose you introduced co-partnery into this business and gave the 30s.-a-week employés effective representation on the Board, would they have sufficient imagination to realise that the head of the mantle department was worth every penny of her £750 a year? I doubt it very much. They would probably want to cut her down to £3 a week, and she would either go to be replaced by an inefficient substitute, or she would stay on and take less interest in her work.

The working-man's lack of imagination, his jealousy of the highly paid, make co-partnery impossible when applied to businesses in which the chief officials must be geniuses in their particular lines.

That is one objection to "V.C.'s" scheme.

Then in highly complicated industries there is generally a big element of risk. Is the working-man co-partner going to share losses? Again, I doubt it.

Recently I met a big builder. He was feeling pretty down for he had made a £100,000 loss over a contract. Suppose he had gone to his workmen, explained that he was going to lose all this money and asked them to take reduced wages till the contract was finished, would they have said, "Oh, certainly, sir"? My own impression is that they would have told him to go to ——.

Any company director will tell you that it is always the smallest shareholder who makes the most noise when things go wrong. The working-man's lack of imagination would again prevent him from realising the risks and difficulties of say speculative building; and he would not sit tight under a loss.

No; you cannot eliminate the capitalist, the man who is prepared to risk his money; and he is not going to submit to interference from those who won't share his losses as well as his profits.

(Continued on page 592)

"V.C." is right in theory; but there must be social evolution before co-partnery can be naturally established. We must give the people visions, but not material visions. Democracy of to-day is the victim of materialism. It is for the Church to take the lead, and herself to practise co-partnery before preaching it. The clergy, least of all men, practise co-partnery. You have one person drawing £1,500 a year for doing very little, and another working his brain and heart out for £2 a week. "V.C.'s" idea is magnificent; but it will take many years of social evolution before it will be practicable. A. J. WALDRON

"The Only Solution"

(*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER.)

DEAR SIR,—I read your article on this subject in this week's number. I am convinced, and have for over twenty years advocated this as the only effective and just solution of, and cure for, the discontent and unrest among labourers. "V. C." is on the right track, and I feel sure will develop this, the only sane, honest, and sure solution and cure for the present ruinious condition, which, if not tackled and settled at once, will ruin the country. All labour, brain and manual, should have a *legal right* to co-partnership in every enterprise in which it takes its part, and, as "V.C." says rightly, co-partnership will, and always does, cement the three interests, capital, enterprise, and labour, and doing this ensures the best quality in production and the most profitable results.

It will also prohibit the possibility of a few individuals making huge fortunes out of enterprises whilst their collaborators in the work make but a bare living, a crying injustice. Millionaires are monuments of dishonest financial trickery, as a rule.

Co-partnership will, as "V.C." so justly points out, permanently efface the prevalent motto and struggle to "get rich quickly." This motto and aim invariably means dishonesty and cheating, if right labels are used for prevalent financial tricks.

I maintain that millions cannot be made honestly. Cheating finance is one of the main causes of present troubles.—Yours truly, THEO. V. S. ANGIER

Hill Crest, Brighton, Sussex.

OUR WRITER'S REPLY

THE KEYNOTE TO CO-PARTNERY

CRITICS of Co-partnery, or Social Unionism, can be summed up as of three classes—those who say "Yes," those who say "No," and those who say "Yes, but——." I have nothing to say to the first, and to the second, but "Thank you." The cause is equally assisted by the support and by the opposition of the right people. I don't know that I do not value the latter even more. If it means that one has a Hyndman against one, then one must be very right indeed. Co-partnery is a disguised swindle! So, no doubt, to the Hyndmen of other ages, were the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount, Magna Charta, the Reform Bill, and Slavery Emancipation. I am left, therefore, with the Qualified Supporter—represented here by Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Rev. A. J. Waldron.

In both cases I am told that co-partnery is good, but that it won't work save in certain distinct industries where there is stability, constant employment, and no competition. Mr. Waldron gives us a most interesting and vivid sketch of cases in point, for which he deserves THE BYSTANDER'S heartiest acknowledgment. His point, in the first case, is that there can be no equality of value between the brain-worker and organiser and the mere operative. In the second, he claims that co-partners will be glad to share in profit but not in loss.

I do not "stand for" any such equality as is cited by Mr. Waldron. In co-partneries, there must necessarily be the Founder or Founders, the men who initiate the enterprise and who raise the capital. As the capitalist (possibly the State) will expect his four or more per cent., so the Founders will be entitled to their priority. The equality will not lie in actual pay. Grades of workers will receive graduated wages, but each will be also a shareholder. Each, whatever his rank, will have a voice in the general policy of the business. Each will have the opportunity of rising to a higher grade, and finally to a seat on the committee of directors, which might be elective. A workman would enter the co-partnery as he enters a train, knowing exactly what he was in for—and exactly how far he was likely to travel. If his progress were unfairly retarded, he would have the right of grievance, ventilation, and redress, as a club-member has such a right, but as, in a capitalist-controlled industry, he has not. In a co-partnery, he would only be expelled for breaches of rules, and after full trial by his co-partners. As to Mr. Waldron's scepticism whether the workingman co-partner will share losses as well as gains, it is legitimate in present conditions. But I am not thinking specially of the present, but of the future. We must set up an idol before we ask for sacrifices. We have to establish the spirit of affinity in industry, and with that spirit will come the same contentment to rise or fall together as exists in all *camaraderies*.

One is bound cheerfully to assume in co-partnery that Capital is content with moderate interest, that Founders are content with moderate remuneration, and that workers, guaranteed security, a minimum wage, a share in the profits and a voice in the control, are content to rise or fall with the enterprise. It is the duty of all who believe in this cause in the first instance to educate—to infuse into each of the three component parts of a co-partnery (capital, brains, and labour) the true spirit of partnership. Each must recognise the necessity of each, and must, before starting out together, agree as to rank and remuneration.

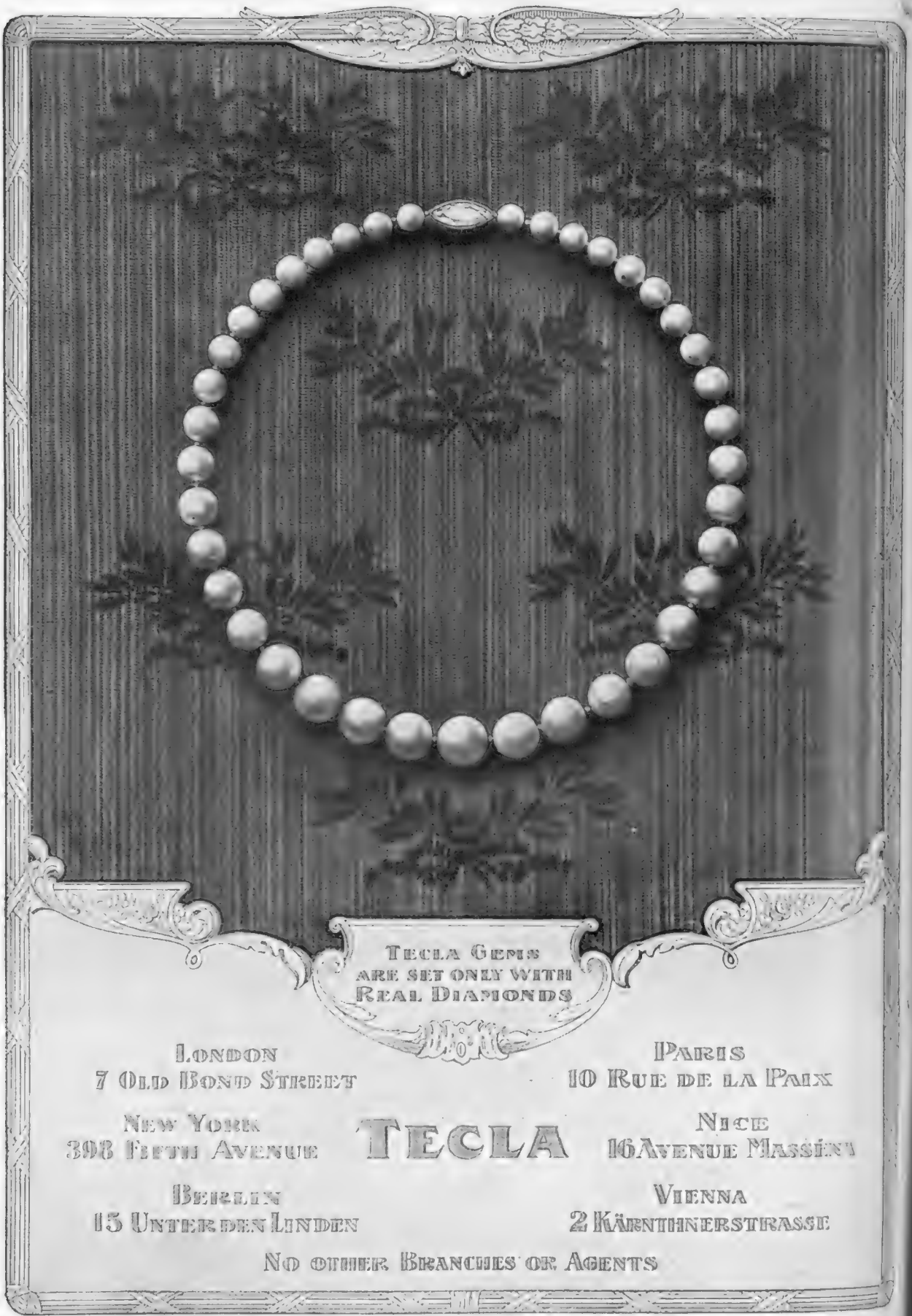
One is free to fight without fear for the principle of co-partnery in industries of the future. The promoters of the movement should draw up, in conference, the terms of a model co-partnery. They should agitate for a Government Bill giving co-partneries statutory recognition, and the setting apart of a sum of money to be devoted to the capitalisation, by the State, at a uniform rate of interest, of all co-partneries which fulfilled the legal conditions, and were genuine and honestly conducted profit-sharing enterprises.

I can only say, in conclusion, that if readers of these articles care to communicate with me privately, care of the Editor of THE BYSTANDER, something may be arranged to bring into personal association those who wish to see the movement given proper shape. V. C.

As in the Twelfth Century

WOOD REPLACES COAL AS FUEL ON THE THAMES

It was not until about the middle of the thirteenth century that coal (even in a very small way) began to be used as fuel in this country. Wood formed the only firing. Now, owing to the scarcity of coal, the L.C.C. are using wood instead of coal for the purpose of keeping the fires up in the stoke-holds of their river fire steamer, the Alpha, and our photograph shows some of the crew lowering bales of wood for delivery on the steamer which is moored by Blackfriars Bridge



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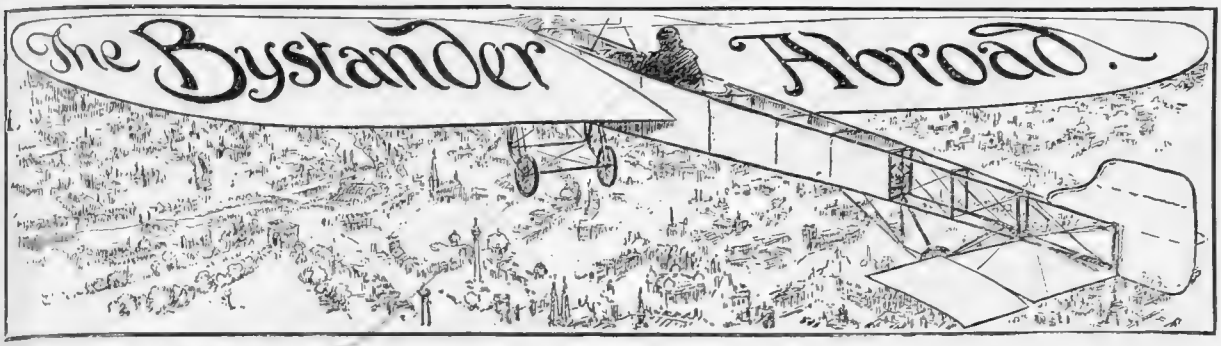

Photograph *Lafayette*

PORTUGAL HAS HER LIBERTY—AND I HAVE MINE!

The latest portrait of Dom Manoel, and inset the gigantic bust of Liberty, to be placed in the National Assembly House at Lisbon, with its sculptor, Senhor Joao Silvar

"THE BYSTANDER ABROAD"

FORTHCOMING EXTENSION OF THIS POPULAR FEATURE

READERS will note a rearrangement this week of the feature known as "The Bystander Abroad." It is our intention in future to group under this heading our general notes on continental and transoceanic affairs, together with our articles from various capitals. Hitherto, we have stationed regular Bystanders in Paris and Berlin alone. We have now installed one in New York, and in the course of a few weeks shall publish the first of a series of regular impressions of life as led in the Empire City from the standpoint of the Englishman. I cannot mortgage valuable space too much in advance, but I have hopes in time to add Vienna, Rome, and St. Petersburg to the list of cities to which Bystanders are accredited. But we must not travel too fast. Bystanders Abroad are not too easy to find. Pending such appointments I hereby give notice that I am open and willing to receive from residents in all the principal capitals any interesting observations they may care to send me on real life happenings in their midst. I do not want wordy commentaries on political problems, nor do I care two straws for descriptions of social ceremonies interesting solely to those who happen to have been present. I want to be able to publish something that will enlighten Bystanders the world over as to the realities in the world's various centres.

To take a specific case in point. A reader in Sofia startled us, the other week, with the statement that there was no trouble in the Balkans, but that those countries were far quieter than is our own, having neither wars, nor strikes, nor Mr. Lloyd George. That is what we like to know. The statement has filled my regular diplomatic informers, in London, with intense indignation, and a resident in the Balkans who dares to say there is no trouble in the Balkans is called rather rude names. But, to me, he is a Bystander of the Blood. I like him, and I believe him. Let there be more of him, and if anybody in Bucharest or Belgrade, or Constantinople or Athens, or anywhere else has aught of a similar nature to tell me, let him address The Editor, Bystander Abroad, Tallis Street, E.C. Above all, I implore you, be brief!—[EDITOR.]

The Bystander in PARIS

The Surprised Colonial

JUST at the moment I can't remember where he had been for the last four years. I know it was not in London, and I don't think it could have been in prison. It was somewhere where the sun was hot for more than five minutes in the day, for his hands and face were brown, his clothes had that peculiarly faded look which clothes get in hot climates, and he said it was good to be back in Paris again. As we drove down to his little furnished flat he modified his statement. "Of course, it will be a bit of a nuisance," he said, "not being able to get a bath without going out for it. That's always a bore." "Why?" I said, "the flat I have got for you has an excellent bathroom." He looked really surprised. "Things are changing," he said.

Athletic Parisians

AND, of course, things have changed in the last few years in this respect in Paris. Frenchmen used to think Englishmen quite mad because they would bathe every morning. Nowadays the average clean commercial Frenchman shaves and bathes as regularly as any Britisher. He calls it "practising the hydrotherapy," but the result is quite the same. While George was getting the dust off (you don't mind my calling him George, do you? It isn't his name at all) he said "Yes, this is a ripping little bathroom. If Frenchmen took exercise there wouldn't be much to choose between France and England to live in." Then the ceiling thundered. "That," I said, "is Hector Sylviac on the floor above doing dumb-bells and exercises." "Sylviac," said George, "Sylviac! Dumb-bells! Good Lord! The only exercise he used to take was—well, not particularly healthy."

More Surprises

THEN the telephone bell went, and George spluttered "*Mais oui's,*" and "*Pas mal et toi's,*" and said I was there, and suggested meeting in ten minutes, and then dropped the receiver and stared. "Goublier says he's going to play golf to-day," he said. "Of course he is," said I. "Lots of Frenchmen play golf now." George looked quite worried as he dressed. His pet prejudices were being badly shaken. "Baths, dumb-bells, golf," I heard him murmur as he struggled with his shirt. And when he sat down to his breakfast I saw him wondering at a small electric toast-rack on the table. "Is this a present, old chap?" he said. "It's awfully good of you to remember my love of toast, here in Paris, where you can't get it." I laughed. "That belongs to the rest of the furniture," I said. "Lots of Parisians make their own toast now." "They'll be drinking whisky next," said George. "They do," said I, "and don't drink it through straws either, as they used to a year or two ago." "You're pulling my leg," said he. "When I see a Frenchman drinking whisky and enjoying it, I shall not have any hesitation in smoking a short pipe in the street." "No more you need," said I. George threw a cushion at me, went to the window, and shouted, "Great Scott! It's true!" An undoubted Frenchman, quite a well-dressed one, too, was smoking a short wooden pipe on his way to the Bois. George took out his watch, snapped it to again, and laughed. "I am getting so muddled," he said, "that I looked at my watch to see how many years I'd been away. Paris has changed remarkably." "Let's go out and have a look at it," I said.

English Clothes

HE was very amusing at lunch because he thought at first that half the men in the

SNOW STATUARY AT DAVOS
A feature of the great winter festival at Davos Platz is the snow statuary. This statue represents a nude woman on a bear

The Bystander in BERLIN

THE WELTSTADT OBSESSION

BERLIN delights to pose as a World-City—a *Weltstadt*. A World-City, in local reasoning, is a place where the traffic is too fat for the skinny streets; where there are roaring places of amusement and boredom; where there is at least one Piccadilly-Circusy place with winking, varicoloured lights and winking, varicoloured ladies. Within the Berlin Bystander's three brief years of residence Berlin, formerly a village, has attained all these. Places of amusement and boredom have sprung up like—people who sit on bent pins. That does not mean theatres, of which only one has been built; and there is still not a really first-class music hall in the city. But there are other things. The Berlin taste runs to artificial ice rinks, to "dance-locals," and to "Light-Plays," otherwise kinematograph shows. For such places of amusement and boredom Berlin beats all other World-Cities.

Berlin Amusements

WHEN the Berlin Bystander immigrated, Martin Luther Strasse boasted the biggest, finest, cheapest artificial ice rink on earth. Of course, no one skated except the Berlin Bystander and attachés at the Embassies, but millions sat in the gallery and swilled beer. Only a real World-City, said the newspapers, could support such a vast institution. A year later was opened in Potsdamer Strasse a "Sport-Palace" twice as big, also with artificial ice for a hundred skaters, and galleries for four thousand beer-drinkers. "It will go smash," said the beer-drinkers. "Even a World-City cannot support two such shows." After another year arrived in Friedrichstrasse the "Admirals' Palace," with artificial ice, baths, restaurants, and two thousand soft seats for beer-drinkers. "This is supernaturally worldcityish," said the beer-drinkers. "But don't overdo it." Yet now they are starting in classic Kurfuerstendamm a fourth artificial ice rink bigger than all the others, with the charm (for the fifty skaters, but not for the five thousand beer-drinkers) of being in the open air. Nobody will wear out the ice, but it will keep the beer cool.

"Light-Play" Theatres

ALL over the World-City are being run up gorgeous "Light-Play" theatres, which drive out of existence the poky, smokey, chokey little two-rooms-knocked-into-one halls which formerly served for the nasty biograph. Two years ago the big concert hall of the Neues Schauspielhaus, in Nollendorf Platz, was exalted into a light-play theatre; and the local aristocracy which ignored the fifty-pfennig kino. now lounges in five-mark boxes, and watches "A drama under Lorenzo de Medici" and "Max Lindner Weds the Cook." Last month on Potsdamer Platz (Berlin's Piccadilly Circus) was opened another gorgeous light-play theatre in weird taste. Underneath it, to make things worldcityish, is a vast "Café Piccadilly." At Nollendorf Platz, opposite the light-play theatre above

(Continued on page 600)

THE FUTURE KAISERIN'S STATUE
Which is drawing large crowds in Berlin. It is the work of the well-known sculptor Herr Max Valentin

restaurant were Englishmen. "But they all wear real clothes," he shouted, "not French clothes, and there isn't a man of them with a napkin tucked round his neck!" I explained to him that this had become rare, and that Frenchmen nowadays dressed very much like Englishmen. "They'll be travelling soon, I suppose?" "Oh, they do that," I said. "You meet as many Frenchmen as Englishmen on the Channel boats now, and there are lots of Frenchmen who go off for quite long journeys for the pleasure of it." "And lots of them are clean shaven," growled George in quiet wonderment.

The Final Shock

WE surprised George some more by showing him Rugby and "Soccer" football, which was not a bit ridiculous, told him of last year's cricket, and staggered him entirely by taking him to Armenonville in the afternoon, where he saw undoubted Frenchmen and indubitable Frenchwomen drinking tea and eating muffins. But I think we reached the climax in the evening. We couldn't dine at Durand's because Durand's had disappeared, so we went to Voisin's and then on to "L'Assaut" at the Gymnase. In the first *entr'acte* I saw George start and turn red to the tips of his ears. "Great Cæsar's ghost!" he said, "every man in the theatre is in evening-dress except ourselves." Paris really has changed a good deal in the last five years.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

FRA
fro
DRIVING
ON
ROUTE OF THE "T

PASS STORMING BETWEEN NICE AND MARSEILLES

From Paris to the Mediterranean and back, through Nancy, Grenoble, Nice, Marseilles, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Nantes, Rouen, and Rheims, a tour of nearly 3,000 miles by car, to be covered under observation, and as a test of reliability, in twenty days from the 1st inst.—that is the "Tour de France," an international competition that attracted an entry of over sixty cars As a test

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"TOUR DE FRANCE"

ON THE HEIGHTS OF THE CROIX HAUTE PASS, 1,200 MÈTRES UP

of the reliability of the present-day automobile, it was of less importance than as a demonstration that the only adequate way to see a country is by road. The illustrations are of particularly picturesque scenes in Alpine country en route. The competition will make France a more popular field than ever for motorists

described, is to be built a rival theatre which will hold 2,000. Another in North Berlin will hold 1,500; and another, to hold 1,000, is being built in the Bavarian quarter near the Berlin Bystander's abode.

Riviera Notes

A Bar Craze

ANOTHER World-City craze is for bars and barmaids. Three years ago the only bars in Berlin were hidden modestly inside a few cosmopolitan hotels. Within the last year seventeen bars have been opened within half a mile of the Berlin Bystander. All have "bar," and nothing else in electric lamps above the doors. The bars open at eleven at night; and never close—this remark sounds inspired by a bar's contents. When the Berlin Bystander dropped into a bar to get impressions, he found that German bars are the real thing, inasmuch as drinkers perch uneasily like City clerks on toppling stools, instead of lounging comfortably at tables. But the "barmaids" who sold the drinks were men, whereas the barmaids who drank them were women. At least, so the Berlin Bystander was told. As he was going out, a well-dressed gentleman pointed to a whirl of feathers on a high stool, and said, "That's a pretty barmaid!" "She's not a barmaid," answered the Berlin Bystander, "but a lady customer." "She must be a barmaid," said the German, "if she drinks at the bar."

LADY EILEEN BUTLER
(The Marquis of Stafford's fiancée) at Cap Martin

Maeterlinck in a Bar

HAD I not seen him there, no one could have ever made me believe that Maurice Maeterlinck would ever be persuaded to enter a bar. Yet he visited one the other day—the Chatham Bar at Nice—and remained in it some little time. In future I shall never use the expression "a fish out of water." I shall substitute "Maeterlinck in a bar." An unhappier man I never set eyes upon than the author of *The Blue Bird* at the shrine of the insinuating cocktail. How he was inveigled thither remains a mystery, though the magnet was, apparently, Carpentier, the boxer, in whom Maeterlinck takes immense interest. Needless to say, the great poet-dramatist-philosopher was far too nervous to order himself any refreshment. He merely stood there wiping his brow and gazing upon the assembled imbibers like a rabbit in a serpent's cage. At last summoning up courage he beckoned Carpentier away, and drove off rapidly to lunch with the Champion of Europe. It was a dramatic visit, and I feel sure that neither Maeterlinck nor the clients of the Chatham Bar will forget it in a hurry. The only person who failed to be impressed was the owner of the bar, who, on being told the name of his august visitor, exclaimed: "He may be Maeterlinck or he may not—but he certainly didn't order a drink."

MLLE. GABY DESLYS
And her dancing partner, Mr. Harry Pilcer at Monte Carlo

A New Casino

THE Les Grottes Casino, just over the frontier, after being "going to open" for over a year, has at last accomplished that difficult feat, the Italian authorities having finally agreed to "tolerate it." It must be clearly understood that they do not *permit* it. Oh, dear no. They just wink at it. But the wink is all that the promoter wanted, and two tables are now running daily and merrily from 2 p.m. to 11 p.m. The other day, when I paid this latest Casino a visit, people were standing round the tables five deep. The minimum is the same as at Monte Carlo—five francs—but the maximum allowed on a number is only five louis instead of nine. The Casino is quite an unpretentious affair—the least pretentious on the whole coast. It consists of a restaurant and a gambling room, but the company running it have plenty of room for extension. As they are already making a profit of about £250 a day they should soon begin to extend.

THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD
On the tennis court at Mentone

Cambridge Crew at Cookham

THE PROSPECT OF A FINELY CONTESTED RACE

Cambridge made great strides in their preparation for the boat-race during the second stage of practice on the upper Thames, and the race may not be as one-sided as was at one time expected, although they are "up against" one of the smartest crews Oxford has ever turned out. The Light Blues migrated to the tideway for the final stage of training at the end of last week

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"MILESTONES" AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE

IT may be that it is Mr. Arnold Bennett's long association with the Potteries that has enabled him to produce (with Mr. Edward Knoblauch) a play that is as delicately beautiful as rare old china. The story is divided into three periods: 1860, 1885, and 1912. In the first act the ladies are wearing crinolines, and in the last act, the sheath skirt; and I have never been able to make up my mind which is the more gracefully indelicate mode. My hesitation is due to the fact that crinolines were out of fashion when I was born, and are, therefore, ridiculous to me; while the sheath skirt came into fashion after I had ceased to be young enough to appreciate its significant subtleties. This frame of mind is the *motif* of the present play. In 1860 the hero is a young man with progressive tendencies that shock his conservative friends; and in 1912 he is an old man of 77, who very naturally regards the slightest change in the established order of things as the forerunner of sanguinary revolution. In one sense the characters are mere puppets; for while they are always intensely human with all humanity's little hopes, and loves and fears, they drift helplessly and with almost mechanical precision along the unavoidable human groove that all men and women must travel; even though they are given to protest most loudly that they are doing nothing of the kind when they are in that groove most deeply.

Photograph *Hoppé*

MR. DENNIS EADIE

Who has achieved quite a notable success as John Rhead in "Milestones" at the Royalty Theatre

The reconstruction of the various periods is one of the many charms of the piece. There is no mistaking the drawing-room furniture of 1860; and as the curtain rises, the scene provokes a laugh on its own account; just as, no doubt, in 1960 people will laugh till they cry at our drawing-room furniture of to-day. Another quaintly-humorous touch is the masculine watch chain, with the pendant locket, which was so characteristic of the mid-Victorian era. To people who are approaching middle-age, the quiet humour of these minor effects is leavened with a spice of old-fashioned sentiment that gives a superb quality to the picture. The story is simplicity itself. It deals not only with what did happen in these little lives, but with what was the only thing that could have happened. In 1860 the old-established firm of Rhead and Sibley is at the head of the iron trade. Then young John Rhead scandalises his partners with the suggestion that one of these days iron will be used for building ships; and that, therefore, the firm ought to be prepared for such a far-reaching change. Such a revolutionary idea for old-fashioned people—in 1860! As one of the other partners says: "What about good old British oak?" Ah, there you are! What about it? They tell young Rhead that he might as well try to build ships of bricks and mortar and have done with it: and when the young man dissolves partnership in order to carry out his new idea alone, his friends feel very sorry for him. They regard him as being afflicted with the malady peculiar to those whom the gods would destroy.

But time brings its revenges. With a skip and a jump, we are in the year of grace, 1885, and John Rhead is now a middle-aged man. In the interval he has made a fortune by building iron ships; and we hear that he is giving ten thousand pounds to the funds of his political party. About the same time we learn that he has been offered a baronetcy; though considerable pains are taken to assure us that there is no necessary connection between the two events. Nobody would be rude enough to suggest that there was; I am sure of that. Then a young man in the iron works discovers a way of diminishing the specific gravity of steel, and has the temerity to suggest to his employer that one of these days steel will be used for making ships! John Rhead does not know whether to be amused or angry at such a preposterous suggestion. What about the British ironclad? That's what he wants to know! And so history repeats itself with its well-known indomitable persistency and its keen sense of humour.

"Milestones" at the "Royalty

EMILY (1885) MISS EVELYN WEEDEN

HON. MURIEL PYM MISS GLADYS COOPER 1912

MR. AND MRS JOHN KHEAD MR. DENNIS EADIE AND MISS MARY JERROLD 1885

NANCY SIBLEY MISS ESMÉ HUBBARD (1885)

LORD MONKHURST—MR S. LOGAN— 1885

MISS HAIDÉE WRIGHT AS THE MAIDEN AUNT GERTRUDE (1885)

LORD MONKHURST (MR OWEN NARES) 1912

NORMAN MORROW. 12

"Milestones" is a comedy of three generations, its acts taking place in the years 1860, 1885 and 1912. Its idea is to show that the groove along which one travels is nowadays just as it was in the past. The opportunity for the development of character is taken advantage of to the full

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

My friend, Mr. William Shakespeare, formerly of Stratford-on-Avon, once said that conscience makes cowards of us all. He might have added that Time, on the other hand, seems satisfied with making us look a little cheap and ridiculous.

It is unnecessary, I suppose, for me to say that these comparative tables of human experience are not presented as abruptly as I have given them here. With a perfect art they are made to grow as the character grows, and it becomes clear to you in due course that such a development was as inevitable and unalterable as the progress of Omar's Moving Finger, which having writ, moves on. The story is presented with such exquisite lightness that you find pathos in the mirth and smiles among the tears. All the people are so very human, and so very lifelike that the ordinary person can see himself in the picture; and although he will no doubt hotly deny that he will ever be old and foolish enough to pray that things may remain as they are, he knows in his heart that that is the destination for which he is remorselessly booked.

At the Vaudeville

The play covers a sufficiently liberal period of time to give the love stories of two generations; the daring wooer of the first becoming the unreasonable parent of the second, with most delightful precision. In this representation of the Three Ages of Man, the characters that live through the piece with us are exceptionally well and interestingly presented. First there is Mr. Dennis Eadie as John Rhead, young in the first act, middle-aged and prosperous in the second act, and old and crochety at the end. Three such transformations are a very severe test of an actor's quality; but Mr. Eadie emerges from the ordeal quite triumphantly. If his performance is rivalled in its excellence at all, it is by that of Miss Haidée Wright as Gertrude Rhead, a member of the family who has remained single as the result of a lovers' quarrel. This part is beautifully written, to begin with, and Miss Wright never misses a point of its gentle humour and impressive pathos. The advantage of stretching a story over so long a period and giving us an occasional peep at its latest development is something more than that of mere originality. The ordinary story-teller is satisfied when he has married the hero and heroine, to observe or imply that they both lived happily ever after. In this dainty narrative, however, we may jump along the years and see for ourselves just how it turned out after all. Indeed, in the case of Emily Rhead, a very charming performance by Miss Evelyn Weeden, we are permitted to see the bride who has become a widow, ready to settle down with her second who, by a pretty coincidence, which is only a natural corollary of such a happy story, is the lover she was compelled to refuse in the bygone years of the first act. "Milestones" should fill the Royalty Theatre for a long time to come.

"KIPPS" AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

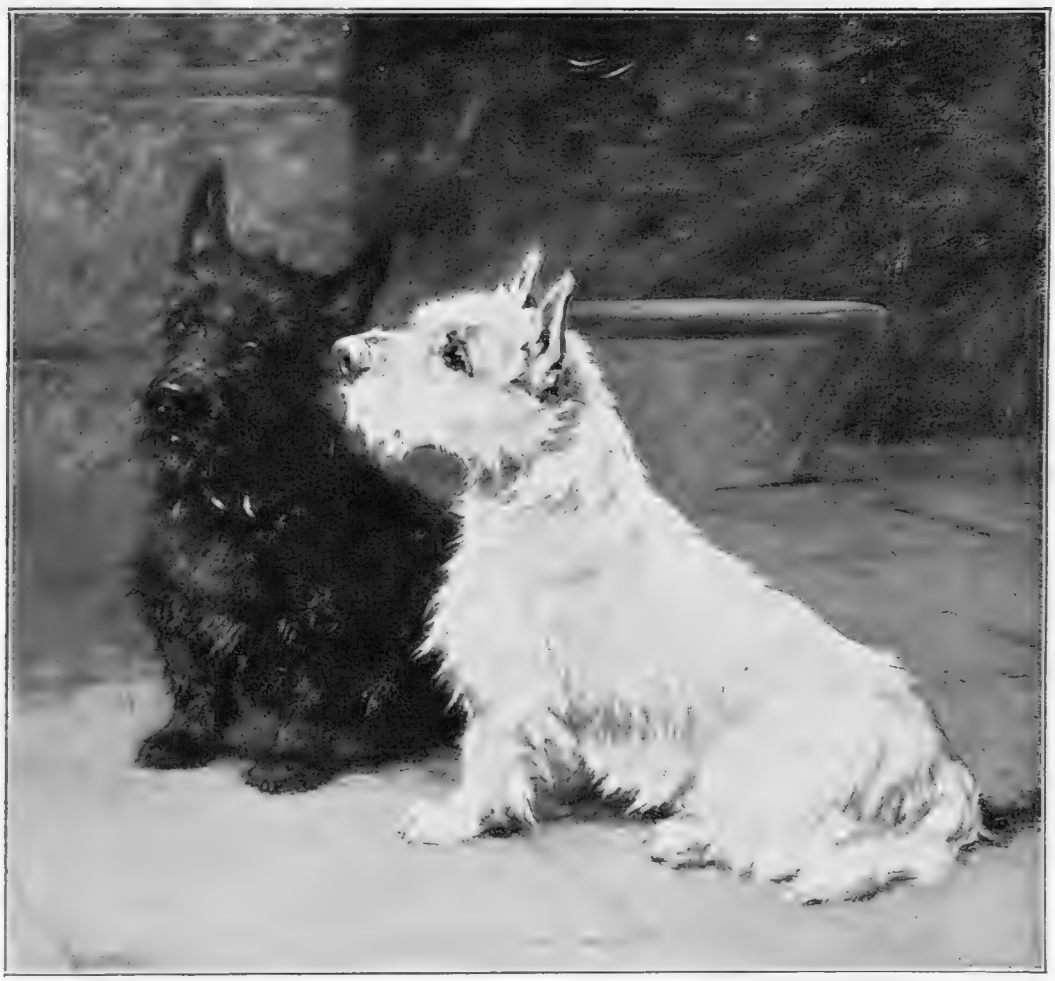
Everybody knows "Our Mr. Kipps," from the masterly study by Mr. H. G. Wells of the commonplace little draper's-assistant. There is, of course, no place on the stage for Mr. Wells's philosophic deductions from the humorous situations he has created in his book, and "Kipps" becomes, therefore, just a farce with that dash of sentiment which is always a little dangerous in a funny play. We see Kipps at his counter after a night out, we note his wavering indifference when he has received a month's notice, especially when one of his fellow-workers significantly reminds him that by-and-by he must be sure and see that his collars and his cuffs are the last things that he takes to the pawnshop; and then we have Kipps's delirious joy at the news that he has been left something like £50,000 (fractions of a penny omitted). It is all quite amusing, and yet it is not exactly farce as that sort of thing is understood. It would almost seem as if the authors had been afraid to let themselves go, or as if they held in righteous scorn the numberless little shifts and tricks by which laughs are commonly secured in farces. The rest of the play shows us Kipps's difficulty in adapting himself to his new and more fashionable surroundings; but there is obviously no time in a three-act play for the development of his character in detail. Consequently the farcical incidents lack something of the full force which Mr. Wells has imparted to them in book form. Mr. O. B. Clarence certainly does all that is possible with the name-part, and if anything can make a popular success of this play it will assuredly be his admirable acting.

At the Vaudeville

JINGLE

BUCHANAN'S

Scotch Whisky



— STILL WATCHERS —

"Black & White"

BRAND.

Author of "The New Life of George Borrow"

I.

"THE DAMNING OF A SOUL."

"MY dear fellow," said Jocelyn Dare, "the Seven-headed Beast of the Apocalypse is nothing to it. It's absolutely unique."

With the air of a man who has completed a life's work, Dare tapped some sheets of manuscript that lay upon the table, selected a cigarette from the box with a care and deliberation usually bestowed upon cigars, and proceeded. "You are a doctor, whose mission in life is to purge and purify the human body; I am a novelist, whose purpose it is to perform the same office for the human soul."

From the depths of a particularly comfortable easy-chair, James Grant looked up good-humouredly at his friend.

"You're a queer devil, Dare. One of these days you'll get a shock—*poseurs* always do."

Dare laughed easily, and Grant continued. "But what have publishers to do with the human soul? That's what does me."

"There is only one thing, my poor Grant," replied Dare, looking down at the other with a smile of pity, "that makes friendship between you and me at all possible."

"And that is?"

"Your incomparable understanding of my corpus, which you persist in calling my liver. I give you all credit for this. You know my constitution to a nicety, and in a way you are responsible for my novels."

"Good God!" ejaculated Grant, sitting up in his chair with a comical expression of alarm upon his features. "I hope not."

"Listen!" said Dare. "A publisher is an obstacle to intellectual progress. He is a parasite, battening upon the flower of genius. That is why we founded the Barabbas Club. It frankly encourages authors to quarrel with their publishers. No one is eligible for membership who cannot prove conclusively to the committee that he has been extremely rude to at least one publisher. I myself have been grossly insulting to seventeen different publishers (on several occasions before their own clerks). I have taken them into court (I will confess I lost each case), and I horsewhipped him who published 'The Greater Purity,' because he failed to advertise it sufficiently."

"And what happened?" queried Grant, who had heard the story a score of times.

"I was summoned for assault. The magistrate was a creature entirely devoid of literary perception. He fined me five guineas, plus five guineas damages, and two guineas costs. But wait! Now here comes the shameful part of the story. Later I discovered that I had been wrong about the advertising. I wrote to that worm, that foul weed who is poisoning the slopes of Parnassus, apologising for whipping him, and, will you believe, he absolutely refused to return the five guineas damages?"

Grant laughed. He always laughed to see Dare upon his hobby-horse.

"The result of that case was an addition to the rules of the Barabbas Club, by which it was provided that, whenever an author horse-whipped a publisher, with or without justification, the President of the club resigns, and his place is automatically filled by the horse-whipper."

Grant rose from his chair, stretched himself lazily, lighted another cigarette, and prepared to take his departure.

"One moment, my dear fellow," remarked Dare, "I must tell you something about this, 'The Damning of a Soul.'" He tapped the manuscript upon the table. "It gives a picture of a publisher, so vivid, so horrible, so convincing, that I shudder when I think that anything so vile can be permitted to exist by our most gracious sovereign lady Nature. It tells of the gradual intellectual murder of a great genius through lack of proper advertising by his publisher. It is a masterly picture of the effect of advertising matter upon mind. I quote the words of our President. It will create a sensation."

"But what about libel?" inquired Grant, whose more cautious nature saw in this same masterpiece a considerable danger to its author.

"There is my master-stroke. My Beast, which transcends that of the Apocalypse in horror-compelling reality, is, as that was, a composite creature. I have drawn upon the whole of the seventeen publishers with whom I have had differences. One supplies a 'nervous, deceitful cough'; another, 'an overbearing manner'; a third, 'a peculiar habit of crossing and recrossing his legs'; a fourth, 'a swindling propensity when the day of reckoning arrives'; a fifth, 'a thoroughly unclean and lascivious life'; a seventh, 'a filthy habit of spitting into the fireplace from every conceivable angle of his room'; an eighth——"

"Enough! I must be off," laughed Grant. "I suppose it's all right; but one of these days you will get yourself into a hell of a mess. There may be the devil to pay over this even."

Dare smiled indulgently as he shook hands.

"Good-bye, my Æsculapius," he said. "If there's trouble, I have behind me the whole of the Barabbas Club, representing eight hundred and thirteen volumes and the brains of the country. Good-bye." There was a note of weariness about Dare's voice. Materialism was exceedingly tedious.

"Well, it's his affair, not mine," muttered Grant to himself as he descended the stairs of Dare's flat in Chelsea; "but they won't fight with books in the King's Bench Division."

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ANTIQUES

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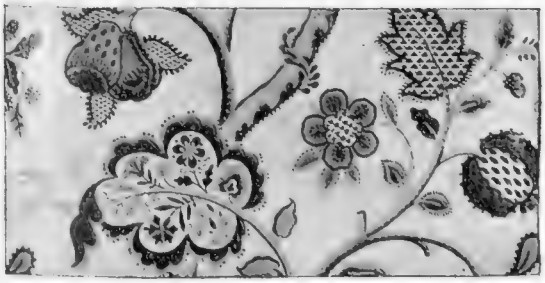

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II.

THE DESCENT OF THE PHILISTINES.

Three weeks later, on returning from a fortnight's holiday in Scotland, Grant found awaiting him at his chambers the following note from Dare:—

"Come round at once. There is *not* the Devil, but the publishers to pay. Bring a hypodermic syringe and a pint of morphia.—J. D."

Grant had been out of the world; and he had forgotten all about "The Damning of a Soul" and his own misgivings. Having seen his *locum* and a few of his more important patients, he drove over to Chelsea, and found Dare in a pathetic state of gloom.

"Have you brought the hypodermic syringe and the morphia?" he asked, without troubling to greet his visitor.

"What, tired of life?" questioned Grant, smiling.

"I am tired of a civilisation that is rotten, and which makes injustice possible."

"What has happened?"

'I published 'The Damning of a Soul' in 'The Cormorant,' and arranged with the editor for a copy to be sent to every publisher in the country. Ye gods!" and Dare laughed mirthlessly.

"And what happened?" asked Grant, greatly interested.

"Twenty-five writs for libel up to date," groaned Dare, "and God knows how many more to come."

Grant laughed loud and long.

"How many publishers went to the making of your Beast of Parnassus?" he asked.

"Only seventeen; that's the peculiarly damnable part of it."

"And what do they say at 'The Cormorant'?"

"Well, I've kept away from the offices, where all the writs have been served by the way, and I've written a formal protest to the Postmaster-General against the use of the telephone for language that is entirely unfit even for the smoking-room of a woman's club. *Now* they write; but as I don't read the letters, it doesn't so much matter."

"The editor is in a passion, I suppose?"

"No; he's in a nursing home. He's a master of diplomacy," replied Dare lugubriously. "I'd do the same, only I can't afford the fees. It's the general manager who telephones. I'm going to put him in my new novel, curse him."

"In addition to a writ," Dare proceeded, "each publisher has written me a letter, 'without prejudice' and with considerable heat."

"What about?" inquired Grant, thoroughly interested in the curious situation that had arisen out of Dare's unfortunate story.

"The man who crosses and recrosses his legs says that he is the only publisher in the world with that characteristic, and that I accuse him of unclean morals; as if a publisher has any morals, clean or otherwise. He of the nervous cough objects to the adjective 'deceitful,' and is having his books examined by an accountant. He who salivates into the fireplace from impossible angles is producing the testimony of three specialists to prove that he has chronic bronchitis, and that it is neither infectious nor contagious, and so on." Dare's voice trailed off wearily.

"And what do you propose to do?" questioned Grant.

"Do?" inquired the other, listlessly throwing himself into a chair and lighting a cigarette. "Do? Why nothing. That's why I want the morphia. I'm the imperfect, not the present tense. I'm done."

"How about the Barabbas Club?" asked Grant.

"Dissolved."

Grant whistled.

"Dissolved," continued Dare, "because it's work is accomplished, *vide* the Presidential valediction. I don't see how; but it's too tedious to bother about."

Grant went to the sideboard and poured out some water in a glass, then emptying into it the contents of a small phial that he took from his pocket, returned to where Dare sat and bade him drink.

"What is it, a death potion?" inquired Dare lazily, as he swallowed the dose.

"Wait and see!" replied the other.

For a quarter of an hour they smoked in silence. Suddenly Dare bounded into the air, and rushed to the telephone.

"Piccadilly 1320, quickly," he shouted. Then minute later, "That 'The Cormorant?' I want the general manager. Yes; it's me. Oh, shut up! I've got a plan. Coming round. Three more writs? Wish it were thirty. We'll do 'em yet—'bye."

Snatching up his hat, and entirely unconscious of his friend's presence, Dare rushed out of the room, and a moment later the bang of the front door told that he had left the flat.

"Never saw strychnine act so before," muttered Grant as he picked up his hat and gloves and prepared to go.

III

THE REGATHERING OF THE BARABBAS CLUB.

Ten days later, as Grant sat in his consulting-room, waiting for seven o'clock to strike that the first patient might be admitted, Jocelyn Dare burst through the door, followed by the protesting parlour-maid.

"Sorry, old man; but I had to tell you. We've won. It's a triumph for letters, and all due to your science and my brain. As I said before, your understanding of my corpus is incomparable."

"It's five minutes to seven," remarked Grant evenly, "and the first patient enters at seven."

"Of course. Well, three minutes will suffice. I found a scapegoat."

"A what?"

"A scapegoat. You see, if I could prove that my publisher was some particular person we should have only one action to defend; but if that publisher were dead and we could square his relatives, then we were safe.

"I set about discovering a dead publisher, and you would be astonished to find how rare they are. They seem to be immortal, like their asinine brothers. At last I lighted upon Sylvester Mylton, who died a bankrupt nearly a year ago. By great good luck I ran his wife to earth. She was in terrible straits, almost starving, poor woman."

"But what——?"

"Wait a moment. I showed her the article, and told her that I felt that I had done a dishonorable thing in writing about the dead as I had done, and would she accept five pounds as compensation. Heavens! I don't think the money pleased her so much as the knowledge that the iniquitous Mylton had been pilloried. He had made her life a curse.

"So far so good. I had to remind her of a few of his characteristics; but she's a shrewd woman, and

(*Continued on page 610*)

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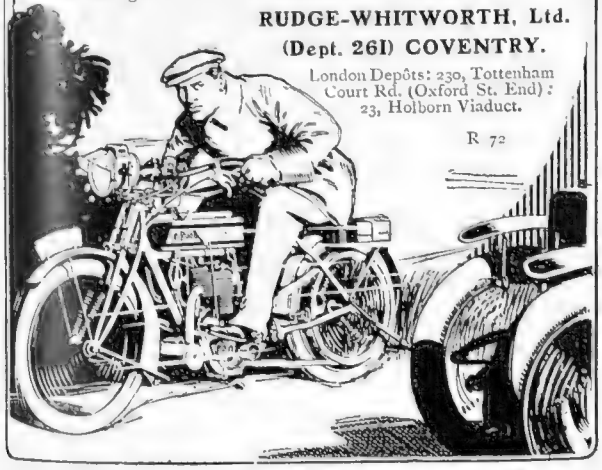

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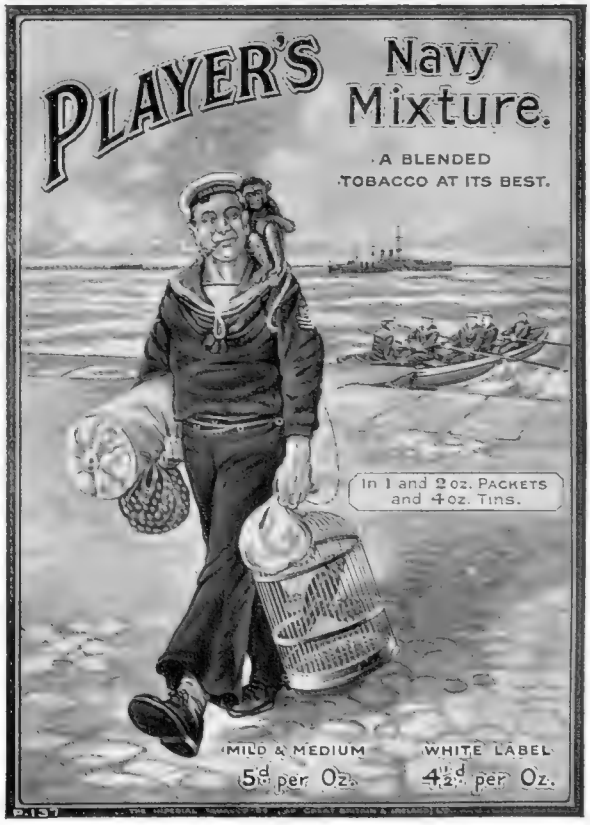

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(Continued from page 608)

hunger, you know——Now read this." Dare held out a copy of the current issue of "The Cormorant," pointing to a page bordered by the portraits of thirty publishers. Within the pictorial frame appeared the following:—

"THIRTY WRITS FOR LIBEL.
AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.
A SENSITIVE PROFESSION."

"Three weeks ago we published a story from the brilliant pen of Mr. Jocelyn Dare, entitled 'The Damning of a Soul,' in which was given a vivid picture of an unscrupulous, immoral, gross, and dishonest publisher—a man capable of any vileness, who had by under-advertising the work of a promising young author, damned him for ever. Soon after the appearance of our issue containing Mr. Dare's contribution, writs began to rain in upon us until there was scarcely a publisher in London who had not instructed his solicitors to proceed against us for criminal libel, as, in our picture of the unscrupulous publisher, he thought he saw himself.

"Although we fully recognise the obligations of the living towards the dead, we are, in self-defence, forced to publish a letter that we have received from the wife of the late Sylvester Mylton, the well-known publisher, who died a few months ago. It runs:—

'Dear Sir,

'I have read with deep pain and regret the story in your issue of the 2nd inst., entitled "The Damning of a Soul." In the character of the publisher I recognise my late husband. None can mistake "the overbearing manner," "that peculiar habit of crossing and recrossing his legs," "the nervous, deceitful, cough," "the habit of spitting into the fireplace from every conceivable angle of his room," although I must add that his accuracy was astonishing. With regard to the other points, I can only say that of recent years I declined to live with him because of the creatures with whom he associated. I do not refer to his authors. I regret that you should have brought him so prominently before the public, and I hope you will send me ten or a dozen copies of your issue containing the story.

'I am,
'Yours sincerely,
'ARABELLA MYLTON.'

"We can only add regret that so many publishers should have thought our story referred to them. We thought that Mr. Dare had painted his publisher as so vile and heartless a wretch as to prevent any self-respecting publisher from seeing in him any likeness to himself. Apparently not. Surely, Mecaenas is the most sensitive of beings. We may add that we shall defend each of the actions threatened. We embellish this page with portraits of the publishers who have caused us to be served with writs."

Grant read the page with astonishment.

"By heavens! What a score," he shouted. "And the writs?"

"All withdrawn, and the Barabbas Club has re-gathered, and is dining me at the Ritz Hotel to-night. God knows who'll pay the bill. I must be off to dress."

And that evening James Grant thought more of the sensibilities of publishers and the brains of journalists than the ailments of his patients. HERBERT JENKINS

Photograph *Knox*

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Arrangements Now Made to have all Stout Readers of this Paper Receive a Free Copy of Dr. Turner's Wonderful Book, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds."

On returning from a recent trip, Dr. F. M. Turner, the physician, scientist, and traveller, who has won fame and world-wide renown through his writing and scientific researches, accorded an interview to Press representatives, who were astounded by his loss of more than 100 pounds of excessive fat since they last saw him. They found it difficult indeed to recognise in the slender, muscular, and perfectly proportioned form of Dr. Turner to-day the same man who only a few months ago they knew as a semi-invalid so enormously fat that he could hardly walk.

When questioned concerning his health and remarkable change in his appearance, Dr. Turner said that neither illness, medicines, starvation, dieting, nor strenuous exercise had caused him to lose his excess weight. In fact, he said that fatty degeneration had eaten into his vital organs to such an extent that it would have been foolhardy to even attempt the usual methods of reduction, and he was forced to seek other means of escape from his former terrible condition.

On being questioned further, the Doctor said: "When I began to feel the stuffy, cramped feeling inside, which, as a physician, I recognised as the first tell-tale symptom of fatty degeneration, and when my heart pounded and throbbed at times so that it shook my whole body and seemed about to burst, I knew from these warnings that the end was approaching very rapidly, and even the examining physician of a large Life Insurance Company, when refusing point blank to accept me as a risk, told me I was likely to drop dead any minute. I tried every means of reduction known to medical science, but without the slightest relief. I then became desperate and began to use all the advertised treatments I have ever heard of. These not only failed to help me, but they did considerable harm, one nearly causing my death on account of the powerful drugs it contained. Although a physician, I am strongly opposed to the use of drugs in treating obesity. There are also treatments put on the market by persons who are without a physician's training, and I firmly believe that if I had continued one or two of the methods recommended by these ignorant so-called 'specialists' I would now be in my grave.

"My discovery came about in this way: When seeking data for some literary work I found a reference to the manner in which the Japanese were said to easily overcome any tendency to take on superfluous flesh. I knew that the Japs are comparatively heavy eaters and that their diet consists largely of rice, the most starchy, and, therefore, most fat-forming of all grains. I had often wondered why, in spite of these facts, the Japanese, both men and women, always present such a slender, trim, neat appearance.

After having long talks with several native authorities in such matters, I determined to give this Japanese method a short trial, and I was fairly startled to behold the wonderful change it made in my appearance, and the improvement in my health that was noticeable from the very first. My fat began to vanish at the rate of one pound a day, sometimes more. I knew I had at last discovered the secret that had been vainly sought for years, and I continued the treatment until I had lost more than 100 pounds in weight. I became stronger with every pound I lost, and soon regained all my old-time vigour of both body and mind.

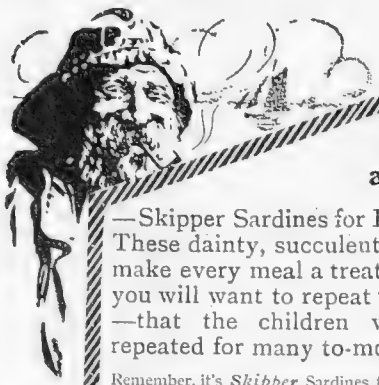
It made me feel twenty years younger to be rid of all the fat that had formed inside and outside my body. After discontinuing the treatment and keeping a careful record of my weight for more than two months, I was delighted to find that reduction was permanent, nor has my fat shown the slightest tendency to return since then.

"Can you imagine my ecstasy of joy and inexpressible relief, the tremendous load that was lifted from my mind, when, after all my suffering, I discovered almost by accident this secret method that enabled me to rid myself of 100 pounds of fat, and which transformed me from a hopeless, helpless wreck into a perfect specimen of physical manhood again? I have now been gladly accepted by the same large Insurance Company that previously rejected me."

Dr. Turner then went on to explain the treatment he discovered, and while anyone must admit that it is a logical method and undoubtedly effective to a wonderful degree, yet it is so simple that even a child can understand it and obtain highly satisfactory results. Surely no stout person need any longer feel that he or she must remain fat.

Lack of space prevents a full description of the entire method here, but Dr. Turner has described it in an extremely interesting little booklet, entitled, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds," and by special arrangement it is now announced that these valuable booklets, while they last, are to be distributed absolutely free to those suffering from over-stoutness who are sufficiently interested to send two penny stamps for postage and packing. The books are sent in plain wrapping, and there are now about 1,000 left. When these are gone he may not have any more printed for some time, as he is planning another long trip, and will probably have no time to give the matter attention again until he returns.

The Doctor's present address is F. M. Turner, c.o. the Dr. Turner Co., Dept. 723C, 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., and any requests sent there during the next few days will be given prompt attention. All who are interested are urgently advised to obtain this wonderful book, and begin reducing weight immediately, as such a chance as this may never present itself again.



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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Three Good Novels

Two novels by women, one by a man—together easily the three best novels I have read since *Carnival*. They are all extraordinarily clever—though mere cleverness in a novel often does much to spoil it—all rather unexpected, possibly just in the least complicated by reason of a large canvas, but fine, virile works. Two have much to say of Cambridge, the other is largely concerned with a seaport town in Devonshire. They are all longish books, and may not be skipped. (I always think that says such a lot for a book.) Neither Miss Willcocks's *Wings of Desire*, nor Miss R. Macaulay's *Views and Vagabonds*, nor, indeed, Mr. Gilbert Cannan's *Little Brother*, is to be read hastily, but if you want three good books for your library list, or if you like authors sufficiently well to *buy* their wares, here are three of the best.

A Woman's Problem

The first chapter of *Wings of Desire* (John Lane : 6*s.*) does not altogether prepare you for what is to come. The scene is a seaman's mission hall run by one Peter Westlake. A fairly drunken sailor, Bodinar, is endeavouring to interest Peter and his rich friend, Billy Knyvett, in some gold-bearing sands on the Patagonian coast. Knyvett agrees to finance an expedition, using his yacht for the purpose, and everything leads you to expect a Stevensonian romance of hidden treasure and the like. But the cruise of the *Pendragon* occupies no more than two chapters—two very wonderful chapters, by the way—and the rest of the book is given up to the unravelling of one of those love-muddles which to be convincing, requires a master hand to portray. I feared for a little while that Miss Willcocks, in treating of three men and three women, had attempted too much, but this is by no means the case. These six people gradually emerge and stand out distinct and alive to the last page of all. Billy Knyvett is in love with Archer Bellew's wife Sara, and his life has been spoiled in consequence. The marriage was a horrible mistake, but it took place, and poor Billy perforce had to play kind friend, and, indeed, could think of nothing else. Bellew is a novelist, Sara a musical genius, kept out from life by her husband on the one side, and by Vin Hereford, her selfish and ever-grumbling old father, on the other. Sara's younger sister, Anne, a lady-doctor-to-be, ought to marry Peter Westlake. Miss Molly Woodruffe, a neighbour of theirs, is practically engaged to Stephen Anerley, a journalist, but is fascinated by Bellew, who has an unpleasant habit of playing follower—one of those men who regrets nothing so much as the obtaining of what he wants.

HAPPY UNDER PROTECTION

British and American soldiers and a Chinese boy at Tientsin

Putting Things Right

Here, then, is your muddle. Every one of these six is longing to soar away on the wings of desire. To put matters right is, of course, a woman's job, and, fortunately, there exists just the right woman, Mrs. Knyvett, Billy's mother, a masterful old lady, who comes down into Devonshire, and works sundry miracles. People tell her all about themselves—she is that sort of woman. Anerley marries Molly. Peter marries Anne. Billy goes off to look for the gold which doesn't exist. Sara goes out to nurse him during an illness. She has left her husband—not solely on Billy's account, but to free herself from old Vin Hereford's mean ways. It is only when she is a great pianist that Bellew releases her, and then Billy gets his reward. It is an extraordinarily subtle book, with enough material for six. Every few pages you put it down and gaze into the fire, just musing about its people and about Miss Willcocks's ability to put on to paper all sorts of things that have been vaguely pirouetting in your head. It has big qualities, and, long as it is, I should have liked it longer. It is a novel to be proud of.

The New Village Blacksmith

Views and Vagabonds (Murray : 6*s.*) is the only title that could have been used for Miss Macaulay's delightful book, for it is full of "views" and peopled largely by vagabonds. It mainly concerns Benjamin Bunter, who, upon taking his degree at

Cambridge, finds himself out of sympathy with his rich and aristocratic family and becomes a blacksmith—of all things—with a forge on that nice wide grass-bound road that runs between Cambridge and Royston. Also, he marries a girl of the people, characteristically, for her—poverty. The marriage is not a success. (How often I have to write that sentence!) To him come the Crevequers, brother and sister, in a caravan, selling kettles and things, and the Crevequers, like sundry Biblical kings, must assuredly live for ever. They are the oddest pair of irresponsible noodles ever invented. When they come into money, and live in a large house in the elder Bunter's constituency, they give garden-parties "to help things on" politically; but Benjie considers that they are helping to ruin the country.

Appalling Respectability

Yet he has fallen in love with the girl—I forget her name, but it doesn't matter in the least—and when he has given up his forge and gone in for carpentry in a gypsy's van, he almost gives himself away. It is only when he has discovered the secret of his parentage that he learns the great lesson of life, which is, I take it, to be satisfied with things as they are and to have as good a time as you can. Curiously enough, however, he goes back to his wife and becomes monstrously respectable. The last chapters are even more unexpected than the others, but I suppose Miss Macaulay knows Benjie Bunter better than I do, and as he is the son of his drunken father, perhaps his ugly little Cambridgeshire cottage and the great and appalling respectability of his later days are the most desirable things for him. But it is those funny Crevequers with their stammer and their queer ways which most please you. They are like nothing upon God's earth. *Views and Vagabonds* is told very lightly, but there are, as in Miss Willcocks's book, big things in the background. Don't fail to read it.

"Little Brother"

To write *Little Brother* (Heinemann: 6*s*.) Mr. Gilbert Cannan found it necessary to make sundry remarkable preparations. The original manuscript, according to his version, was the autobiography of one Stephen Lawrie. This must have been a really dreadful book, so dreadful that it could not be printed as it stood. So it was taken in hand by Stephen's elder brother, a don at Cambridge, who added to and subtracted from it, and ultimately gave it to Mr. Cannan, who, presumably, takes the royalties upon its sales. Stephen was a curious creature, on the threshold of a Career, a man worried by at least three women, caught in the glamour of life, intensely sensitive, very absurd, very human, a genius, you suppose, in embryo. Possibly he is just in the least typical of the Cambridge man who is going to do so much for the world, but who, somehow—doesn't. I knew one man of the sort. . . . It is, however, Mr. Cannan's wayward and ingratiating manner of telling the story (for I really believe he did it all himself) that is the most charming thing in this rather unclassible book. You may take it up anywhere and be amused, and learn all about the surprising business of wherryism, and about what women think of men, and men of women. There are quaint intimate pictures of life at Cambridge and in literary London, and you have set down a fairly complete history of this Lawrie family. Also, there are one or two delicious love-passages. But I am left in bewilderment if asked to offer actual criticism. You had better criticise it for yourself.

RALPH STRAUS

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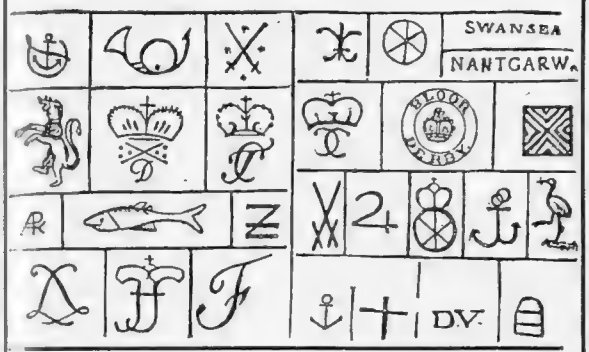

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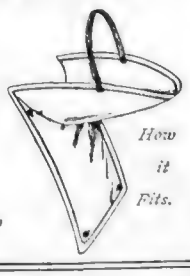

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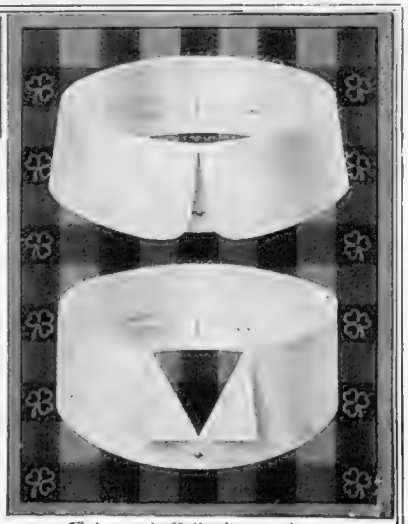

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RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Leicester "Incident"

CONSIDERING the nature of the game, "unpleasant incidents" in Rugby football are singularly rare. This is one of the reasons why its players have made it the great game that it is. It is also the reason why, when an "unpleasant incident" happens to occur, it gets more than ordinarily talked about. We have had one of these incidents recently. In a game between the Harlequins and Leicester the referee ordered one of the Leicester team off the field—a somewhat extreme penalty which, for the very reason that Rugby men are so imbued with the spirit of fair play, is very seldom imposed. We must take it, however, that in this instance the referee thought that the imposition of the penalty was necessary, and acted in accordance with what he conceived to be his duty as a referee. The Harlequins' captain, A. D. Stoop, thought otherwise. Stoop, it is hardly necessary to add, is one of *the* great players of to-day; he knows the game from A to Z, and he is a sportsman from the tips of his fingers to the toes of his boots. He thought that the referee's decision was wrong; that the player in question had done nothing to justify his banishment from the game; and that his own side ought not to benefit by what he considered to be an error of judgment on the part of the referee. Accordingly, being the sportsman that he is, he ordered one of his own men off to "even up" matters, and the match proceeded with fourteen men on each side.

FUTURISM IN FOOTBALL?

Nothing of the kind. But a remarkable snapshot of three stalwart cavalrymen all trying at once to "head" the ball in a cavalry cup tie

Misguided Chivalry

He did this with the best intentions in the world. Everyone has recognised that. He thought (rightly or wrongly) that his opponents had been placed at a disadvantage through no fault of their own, and he did not want to have them at such a disadvantage. It was one of those chivalrous, impulsive acts which compel admiration. But it was a mistake. It involved consequences which, at the time, he probably did not realise. It meant that the authority of the referee was set at nought, and his ruling ignored. Being a law-abiding captain he could not openly question the referee's decision, and yet, because of his reluctance to benefit by what he regarded as an unlucky set-back for his opponents, he did something worse; he practically overruled the referee. The question whether he or the referee was wrong in this particular instance is immaterial. It is the principle of the thing that matters. We know that instances of bad refereeing are by no means unknown in Rugger, but bad refereeing, if not ineradicable, is reducible by legitimate and obvious means. The point is that when a referee, be he good, bad, indifferent, or biassed, is given charge of a game his control of it must be absolute, and the players, and most of all their captains, must bow to his authority and back him up. The thin edge of rebellion against that authority—even though it may be sharpened upon the whetstone of good sportsmanship—can only when once inserted produce a rift which will ultimately become a chasm. H. S. S.

Ladies' Golf

Let it not be thought for a moment that I am attempting the audacious task of entering into that sacred domain where the lady golfer reigns supreme. I have neither the knowledge nor the courage necessary for such an enterprise. I have, alas! seen but few of the crack lady players, and my estimate of their present-day form is based mainly on what I saw during the famous encounter between Miss Leach and Mr. Hilton. The lady in that match impressed me profoundly by her vigorous power and by the workman-like manner (if such an expression can be

applied to a woman) in which she addressed herself to, and carried out, her various strokes. As Miss Leach has not yet won the Ladies' Championship, I must presume that there are not a few ladies who are her superior. This means that feminine golf has made amazing strides in the last decade or so, and that woman's position in golf has been established on a firm foundation.

INTER-COUNTY GOLF AT SUNDRIDGE PARK

Miss Link (Kent) and Mrs. Veysey (Herts) playing from the sixth tee in the match between Kent and Hertfordshire

The Golfing Diana of Yesterday and To-Day

Much has been written of the wonderful development of golf in these latter days. Perhaps the most astounding part of that development is the feminine side of it. I can remember as if it were but yesterday the day when the lady players of the "long game" could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. To-day they are almost countless in number. In the early days I speak of one arranged a mixed foursome before breakfast at St. Andrews, for it was only at that matutinal hour that a lady's presence on the old course was tolerated. To-day the lady can take her place on that famous course with perfect ease and equanimity, and, what is more, can hold her own with a great many of the male frequenters of the links. It is an amazing change, and has been brought about and consolidated within the space of about twenty years. In nothing have the ladies been more wonderful than the systematic and admirable way in which they have organised themselves. The Ladies' Golf Union, which is their ruling body, has been in existence since 1893, and although distinguished male golfers such as Dr. Purves, Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. Hall Blyth, have been permitted to assist with advice and counsel, the practical work of the Union has been carried out entirely by ladies. The feminine Napoleon of the campaign has been Miss Issette Pearson, now Mrs. Miller, who has been untiring in her devotion to the interests of ladies golf, and who has occupied the arduous position of secretary of the L.G.U. since its inception.

A LITTLE FISHING BY WAY OF A CHANGE

Miss Powell (Kent) and Mrs. Meyer (Herts) looking for a ball in a brook at Sundridge Park during the match between Kent and Hertfordshire, in the Ladies' Golf Union Inter-County Championship, which the ladies of Kent won by six matches to one

The New Ladies' Golfing Paper

Hitherto the ladies game has been lacking in its *vates sacer*, or in common English, its paper devoted entirely to the doings and happenings of ladies' golf. Most of the ladies' papers, such as the *Ladies' Field*, and others, have devoted a section to ladies' golf. But they have had no papers like ours. Now this want has been supplied in ample measure and handsome form by *Ladies' Golf*, which made its bow to the public this month. The paper promises excellently well, and if it maintains the standard of its first number it should have a prosperous and successful career. Among a variety of interesting articles I was specially struck by a paternal article of benediction from the pen of Dr. Laidlaw Purves, who has been a staunch friend of the ladies' golf organisation from its earliest days. In another article, entitled "Ye Sport of Queens," there is a bit of golfing history which is quite new to me. I always thought that Mary Queen o' Scots was the first feminine Royal player, but according to this article the honour belongs, strangely enough, to Catharine of Aragon, who writes to Cardinal Wolsey that she "thanks God to be busy with the golf." Can this devotion to golf have been the real reason of the famous divorce? Has Henry VIII. been maligned all these years, and was he the earliest instance of a "golf widower?" ERNEST LEHMANN

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RACING: Selections for Lincoln. BY CARBINE

The Chief Handicap

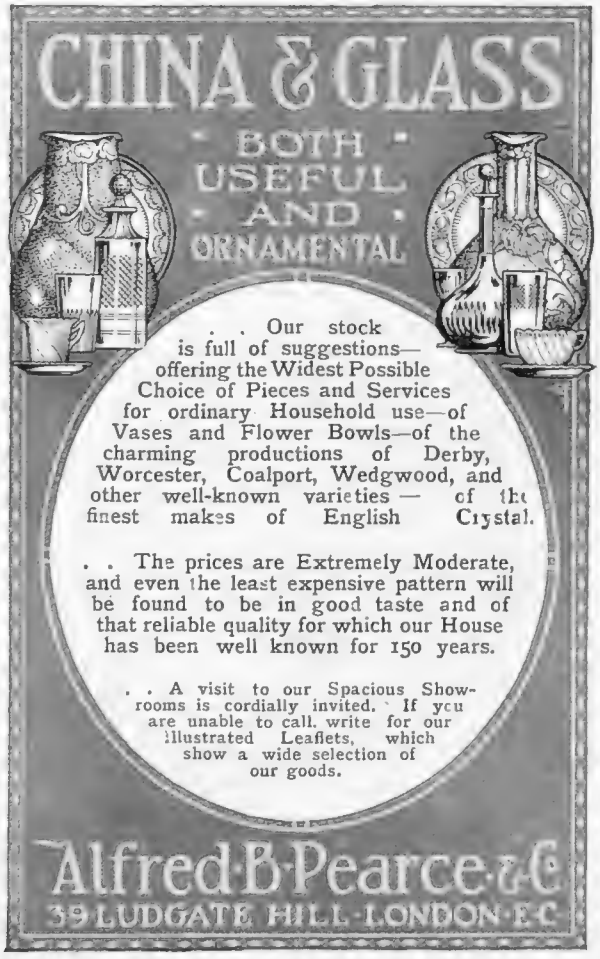
Here we are again within a few days of Lincoln, and goodness knows how we are going to get there with train services cut down to a minimum. No doubt the railway companies will keep a bit of coal for the Lincoln specials, and I suppose the meeting will go through all right. This is the last opportunity I shall have in these pages of saying a word on the Lincolnshire Handicap, to be run on Tuesday. Several trials are to be run during the present week, which cannot be taken into account in these notes, for the simple reason that they will not be brought off until after this page is printed; but I fancy nothing is likely to interfere with the horses I have in view and whose chances I have referred to in previous notes—Moscato and Sobieski. I may be wrong in passing over Warfare, who is said to have done big things with Eton Boy. Mercutio, Spanish Prince, Hornet's Beauty, are others who will be well backed if they do well in their test gallops this week. Moscato I like because he is obviously well handicapped. Sobieski I also think is nicely in the race, and he has been going so well that he is sure to be very fit at Lincoln. I shall take the risk of the colt failing to "put it all in," as the well-known phrase has it, and shall select **Sobieski** to win the first big handicap of the new season. I take MOSCATO as the next best thing in the race.

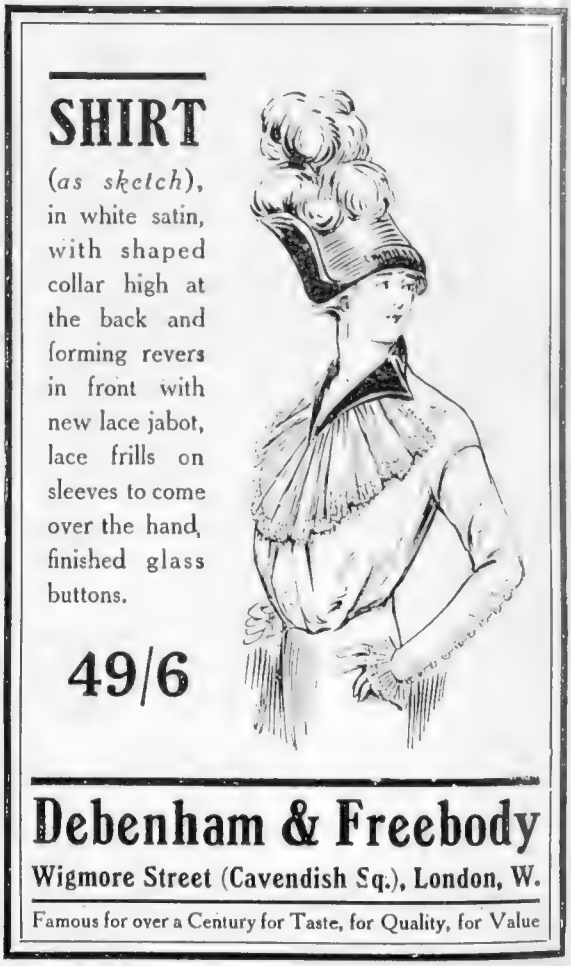
Other Races on the Flat

I do not approach the task of making selections for the minor flat races with any degree of confidence, as so much inevitably depends upon condition in the first meeting of the year. I look upon **Tidal Wave** and Sysonby as the best of those entered for the Chaplin Stakes on Monday, and though the former did not quite come up to expectations in a gallop the other day, I shall expect him to win. On the same afternoon the Batthyany Plate is to be run, and here I may suggest that **Biter Bit** holds a very fair chance. It would be a highly popular event if His Majesty won a race at the initial meeting of the season, and it seems to me quite possible that **Dorando** will take the Kesteven Plate.

The Grand National

For the Grand National I shall make a final selection next week, but I think it will have to be Rathnally, who I have seen at home recently and know to be in very great form. Many are hoping to find some nice-priced outsider with a chance of upsetting the favourites at Aintree, and the only horse answering to that description is, in my opinion Ballyhackle. Meanwhile, there will be some good jumping at Hurst Park at the end of the present week. Ebonette looks a good thing for the Maiden Steeplechase on Friday and **War Dance** for the Spring Hurdle Race, while on the following day **Ballymacad** or **Distaff** should win the New Century Steeplechase.





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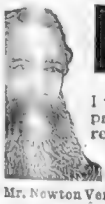

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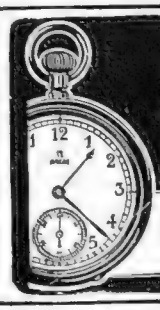

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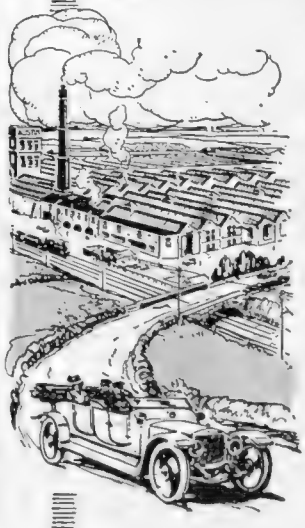

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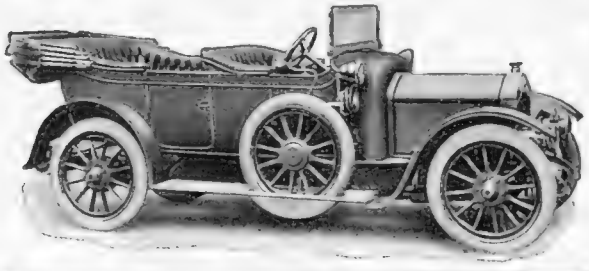

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THE AWAKENING OF FRANCE

The regeneration of the military spirit in France is one of the most extraordinary psychological developments of recent times. In less than seven years the French nation has emerged from pessimistic inferiority, and is now moving forward to a position of optimistic confidence with the same rapidity that the aeroplane is reaching the practical stage. No other country in the world could present the thrilling review spectacle which was witnessed at Vincennes last week, when a fleet of aeroplanes and airships manœuvred over the troops, and gave the public an idea of the warfare of the future.

The Grand Prix

QUITE like old times, this eager pressure of entrants for the Grand Prix at Dieppe on June 25 and 26 next. All but sixty vehicles definitely enrolled for the event, and the promise of a struggle not bettered in the history of the race, nor, for that matter, in the history of any international road contest. The great F.I.A.T.s which figured at Savannah, three fiercely powerful Lorraine-Dietrichs of 155 mm. by 200mm., and several other large exponents of pace; Delaracqs, Peugeots, Sizaires, Hispano-Suizas—a host with reputations already established; and another host with reputations in the making and struggling gamely for recognition on the international market—the Cote, the Alcyon, the Koecklin, and the Sigma-Knight, for example.

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Enter the Flying Corps

The proposals which the Government has now submitted may fairly be accepted as evidence that it is at last widely awake to the importance of the relation of flight to national armaments, and seriously concerned to make adequate provision for national needs in this particular regard. Exit, therefore, the feebly fatuous "Air Battalion" with its grotesque equipment of half a dozen hopelessly obsolete aeroplanes, laughing-stock dirigibles, and what not, and enter (to loud applause) the "Flying Corps," with 131 aeroplanes of the most up-to-date design and a scheme of recruiting vastly in advance of anything we have ever attempted. The proposal, doubtless, is familiar enough to everybody, and has no need of detailed statement here. Much criticism has been robbed of its sting by the frank recognition of our unfavourable position, and by the definite promise of progressive amends until we reflect in air-power the

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position we occupy, proudly, on the sea. Once again, and at last, we seem to be on the point of "getting there—second." Happily, so far, no harm has been done; and although the expert person and the perfervid patriot will be able to show several causes why the proposal is unsatisfactory, and particularly why the fact that so few of the machines are to be all-British is reprehensible, I refuse to cavil. We must have the best machines available, and however lamentable the admission, most of them are not British. We must also have them at the earliest possible moment, and that is another reason why many must come in under the heading of imports. Doubtless that finely progressive Bristol Company, the British and Colonial, which has done such an enormous work in rescuing British aeroplane construction from its lowly position and placing it in the forefront with the best, will come to a fair share of reward when the allocation of the orders for these 131 machines is made, and that will be fitting. Doubtless, too, the day is not far removed when Great Britain will rely entirely upon British-built aeroplanes. The necessity is admitted, but for the moment we are certainly adopting the wisest course in getting the best without regard to origin.

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Use Sternol Oils and Greases for your motor, and get smoother, cooler engine running, more power, less wear, and greater economy.—STERN SONNEBORN OIL COMPANY, 63, Royal London House, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

"More Miles, and Still—More Miles."

GOODRICH TYRES

are easily the most economical unit in motoring expenditure. Many motorists know this and touch a dividend on their superior knowledge. Others — dwellers in outer darkness—do not. They should experience

"THE GOODRICH AVERAGE"
ONLY TO BE OBTAINED ON
GOODRICH TYRES.

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The B. F. GOODRICH CO., Ld.
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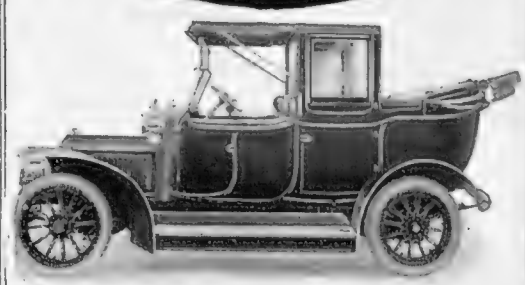
The Celebrated ADLER The Perfect Car.



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THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 433.—Vol. XXXIII. Wednesday, March 20, 1912 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — HAMPTON & SONS — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD. VALUERS

ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT RESERVE.

Within 3 minutes' walk of the

MOST FAMOUS VIEW NEAR LONDON.

RICHMOND.—"OLAVARRIA," QUEEN'S ROAD.—Substantially built HOUSE, occupying one of the finest and most central positions in this delightful and world-famed Royal borough, a few minutes' walk of

GLORIOUS RICHMOND PARK.

3 lofty reception rooms, entrance hall, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and ample offices, with servants' sitting room. Stabling for 3, garage, and 2 bedrooms.

WELL-ARRANGED PLEASURE GARDEN.

Company's gas, water, and electric light; main drainage; excellent repair.

HAMPTON and SONS will SELL the above, by AUCTION, at The Mart, E.C., on March 26.

Details of the Auctioneers, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

N.B.—The whole of the valuable Furniture will be offered on the Premises on April 1 and 2.

GLORIOUS SEA AND LAND VIEWS.

One of the beauty spots on the Devon Coast

OVERLOOKING BABBACOMBE BAY.—To be LET Unfurnished, or SOLD, singularly attractive stone-built MARINE RESIDENCE, situate well away from the road on high ground amidst romantic surroundings, and

ADJOINING A GOLF COURSE.

Entrance hall, 2 finely proportioned drawing rooms, dining and morning rooms, 11 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.) and offices.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS

of a most delightful character. Walled kitchen garden, etc. Stabling for 2, with rooms for coachman. Gas and water laid on. Near village, churches, and post.

SEA FISHING, BATHING AND YACHTING.

—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

South aspect. Gravel soil.

£3,750 (WITHIN 25 MILES NORTH OF TOWN).—Well-built FREEHOLD HOUSE, in a quiet and secluded situation, in well-matured gardens of nearly 4 acres. Entrance hall, dining room with very large bay, drawing room, library, wide verandah commanding

EXTENSIVE VIEWS TO THE SOUTH,

large conservatory, usual offices, 8 bedrooms, fitted bathrooms. Co.'s water. Main drainage. The House throughout is exceptionally well fitted with carved mantels and fireplaces. Great care has been expended in arranging the gardens, which include croquet lawn, terrace, shrubberies, rose pergolas, well-stocked kitchen garden of about an acre, small orchard, etc. Range of greenhouses with good bearing vines. Stabling for 3, double coach or motor house, and 2 rooms for man. Substantial outbuildings.

HUNTING AND GOLF NEAR.

(Might possibly be Let on Lease).—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NOMINAL UPSET PRICE OF £2,850.

ON THE SURREY HILLS.

Golf on Kenley Common. Hunting with Several packs. Delightful Walks and Drives.

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

CATERHAM VALLEY.—"CLAREVILLE." Well-arranged FREEHOLD HOUSE, in a rural position. Billiard and 3 other reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bathroom, two staircases, and ample offices. Company's gas and water. Detached stabling; large motor garage; entrance lodge; coachman's cottage; groom's rooms. The well-timbered pleasure grounds are delightfully arranged on the slope of a hill, and include ornamental and tennis lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, range of glasshouses, and small paddock; in all

NEARLY 3 ACRES.

HAMPTON and SONS will SELL the above, by AUCTION, at The Mart, E.C., on April 23rd (unless previously disposed of privately).—Solicitors, Messrs. RUTH, STACEY and CASTLE, 14, Southampton Street, W.C. Details of the Auctioneers, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

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Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

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SOMERSET, REDLYNCH, NEAR BRUTON.
"DISCOVE HOUSE"
(being Lot 7 on the Redlynch Estate, to be offered, by Auction, on May 16, 1912, if the Estate is not previously sold as a whole).

TO BE SOLD, the above old DOWER HOUSE, built of stone, with old mullioned windows and thatched roof, and commanding views across Redlynch Park. The House stands well back from the road, and contains: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; STABLING FOR 4; good gardens and grounds with orchard and tennis lawn, farmery, 2 cottages, and pasture-land, 22 acres in all; hunting with the Blackmore Vale, the South and West Wilts and other packs.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.

ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH. FACING GRAND OPEN COUNTRY.

IMMEDIATE SALE DESIRED BY EXECUTORS.

FREEHOLD.—One of the few modern, non-basement RESIDENCES in this much sought-after position: 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 large reception rooms, billiard room; large garden with tennis court; stabling and garage, electric light; hot water heating; 2 staircases and all modern improvements. Cost £10,000. Close offer invited.—Apply KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

"ROOD ASHTON," WILTSHIRE.
The seat of the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P.
TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR A TERM OR FOR A YEAR.
With shooting over about 3,700 acres: Westbury Station 2½ miles.

THE HOUSE stands 250ft. above sea level in a beautifully timbered park of 700 acres. It contains: central hall (35ft. 6in. by 17ft.), drawing room (41ft. by 29ft.), dining room (34ft. by 23ft.), billiard room, library, smoking and business rooms, about 45 principal and servants' bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms; well arranged domestic offices; the House is heated by hot water throughout, the sanitary arrangements are modern, and the telephone is connected; the electric light will be installed if let for a term or by arrangement for a year's tenancy; there is stabling for 30 horses, coach-houses, motor garage with pit, riding school, etc.; the shooting extends to about 3,700 acres, including 500 acres of woods, affording covert for rearing a 5,000 head of pheasants: hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's and South West Wilts; 9-hole practice golf course, and a lake of several acres in the park; also private cricket ground with pavilion.—Particulars of WARD SOAMES, Esq., Rood Ashton Estate, Hilperton, Trowbridge; or Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

SOUTH HANTS.

With excellent yachting facilities, and within easy reach of the New Forest

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 240 ACRES, beautifully timbered, situated 250ft. above sea level. The planned Mansion, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, contains: billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, and ample domestic offices; gymnasium or riding school (60ft. by 30ft.), with gallery; stabling for 8 horses, 2 lodges, home farm, 6 cottages; the grounds are ornamented with fine specimen trees, and include plantation walks, fishpond, fernery and rock garden, ornamental water, etc.; extensive kitchen gardens; South Hants water supply; excellent sanitation.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,152)

SURREY.

ADJOINING SUNNINGDALE GOLF COURSE AND CHOBHAM COMMON. 2½ MILES FROM SUNNINGDALE STATION.

A WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE, in the Tudor style, enjoying extensive views of Frensham and Epsom Downs, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.

FINE BALLROOM. STABLING FOR 6 HORSES.
BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

Designed by Sir Joseph Hooker, O.M.; planted with magnificent specimen conifers and other trees and evergreens.

ENTRANCE LODGE. 6 COTTAGES.

Walled fruit and kitchen garden, 3 paddocks, and densely wooded grounds with winding paths, extending in all to about 53 ACRES.—Illustrated particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,124)

HUNTING WITH THE PYTCHLEY, WOODLAND PYTCHLEY AND GRAFTON. SHOOTING, OVER 1,200 ACRES. FISHING.

TO BE LET FURNISHED for the summer, or for a term of years. The above fine old GEORGIAN MANSION, standing in beautiful grounds of about 30 acres. The accommodation, which is conveniently arranged, includes lounge hall, billiard, four reception rooms, 27 bed and dressing rooms, three bathrooms, etc.; telephone; modern drainage; gas; stabling for 14; beautifully timbered grounds, wide spreading lawns, rose garden, woodland walks, etc. There are several ponds well stocked with rainbow trout.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (F 1,541)

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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

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TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING. Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

NEAR BURR HILL GOLF COURSE.

SURREY

(35 minutes by train from Town).

FOR SALE, **£2,200,** FREEHOLD, OR.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED. — A beautiful HOUSE, set in charming old gardens of about 3 acres: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, lounge hall, good domestic offices; electric light; telephone. — Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

FOR SALE AT A LOW PRICE.

Would be Let Furnished or Unfurnished

A PERFECT SUFFOLK ESTATE of about 300 ACRES, including

GENUINE OLD XIVTH CENTURY HOUSE

OF GREAT HISTORIC INTEREST:

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling, garage; cottages, farmhouse, and buildings, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, and paddock.

SUPERB OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

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In the best residential part, 1 mile from the station. With fine views. Bracing air. First-class golf.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.—Attractive stone-built RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), and ample domestic offices. Rent, Unfurnished, £60 p.a. Price, Freehold, £1,100.—Inspected by WILSON and GRAY, of Yeovil, and 100, Mount Street, London, W.

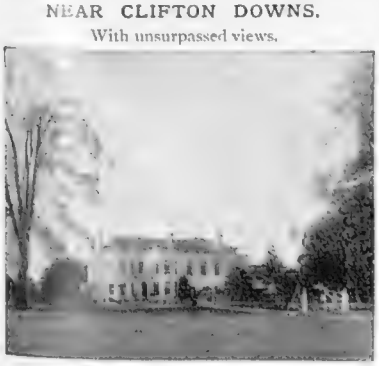
ON THE VERGE OF THE INVIGORATING WILTSHIRE DOWNS.

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

£100 PER ANNUM for a delightful old MANOR HOUSE: 3 reception, billiard, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; good gardens with wide spreading lawns; 5 loose boxes; cottage.—Apply, WILSON and GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil, and 100, Mount Street, London, W.

NEAR CLIFTON DOWNS.

With unsurpassed views.



TO BE SOLD.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE (within 4 miles of Bristol and in a charming Residential District).—This fine specimen of the EARLY GEORGIAN period, standing in parklike grounds of 8 ACRES, and containing: 14 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), 4 reception, billiard room; stabling for 5 horses, accommodation for men; matured pleasure grounds, ample kitchen gardens and paddocks. Inspected by WILSON & GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil, and 100, Mount Street, London, W.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES. —WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience,* gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

THE MOST LOVELY PART OF SUSSEX.

Just over an hour from London.

HIGH POSITION. GRAND VIEWS.

A PERFECT FREEHOLD ESTATE of about 164 ACRES, including

PICTURESQUE MODERN RESIDENCE, approached by long carriage drive, with lodge: 10 or more bedrooms, bathroom, halls, 3 reception rooms; stabling; home farm; cottages;

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND PARK.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

ON THE COTSWOLD HILLS.

500ft. above sea level, with beautiful and extensive views.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

A GENUINE OLD GLOUCESTERSHIRE MANOR HOUSE, fitted with every modern convenience. Accommodation: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, good domestic offices, with servants' hall; ample stabling; cottages;

Electric light, radiators, modern sanitation, unfailing water supply;

finely timbered old-world gardens, and 15 acres of meadow and wood land; hunting with the Heythrop, Warwickshire, and North Cotswold Hounds.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W., and at Yeovil.

UNIQUE LITTLE SURREY PROPERTY

JUST OVER AN HOUR FROM LONDON.

FULL OF OLD OAK BEAMS.

GRAVEL SOIL.

400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

£60 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—The above charming old HOUSE, with 3 acres of delightful old-world gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, orchard, etc.: 6 or 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, adequate offices; garage. Small premium of £200.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

HISTORICAL AND PERFECT.

SOMERSET TUDOR MANOR HOUSE.

Famous as the Dower-house of Catherine Parr, and visited by Queen Elizabeth. 2½ miles from main line station.

Full of oak beams and panelling. Antique Carving and Armour.

Acetylene gas. All modern conveniences.

£150 PER ANNUM UNFURNISHED, for this charming abode, containing: lounge hall, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), excellent offices, with servants' hall; stabling for 3, motor-house with pit; 2 cottages, and

DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS, with *Cloisters in perfect preservation.* large kitchen garden, ample glasshouses, and paddocks, 7 ACRES IN ALL.—Inspected and recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil, and 100, Mount St., London, W.

BEAUFORT COUNTRY.

Commanding fine views, 200ft. above sea. Healthy situation. Near 4 golf courses. 7 miles from Bristol.

APPROACHED BY CARRIAGE DRIVE WITH LODGE.

AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, containing: panelled hall, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.); Company's water; electric light; telephone; stabling for 5; grounds of 9½ acres; lodge and cottage.

BARGAIN PRICE, £3,600.

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DORSETSHIRE.

CHOICE SPORTING PROPERTY TO LET.

5,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

6 MILES OF TROUT FISHING.

£420 PER ANNUM, including a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE (Unfurnished), standing in grounds of about 3 acres, and situate in a favourite part of the county, 6 miles from a station; 7 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, billiard room (30ft. by 18ft.), good offices; garage; stabling; the SHOOTING is first-rate, and about 775 acres are covert; the fishing should provide a catch nearly approaching 200.—Full details of Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

CLOSE TO BEAUTIFUL SURREY COMMON WITH GOLF LINKS.

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL ON SOUTH SLOPE.

FOR SALE.—A singularly attractive modern HOUSE, surrounded by delightful grounds of about 3 acres: *3 reception rooms, billiard room, galleried hall, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices;* stabling for 3, garage; secluded position;

ONLY 20 MILES FROM LONDON.

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Telegrams: "Everything, London"

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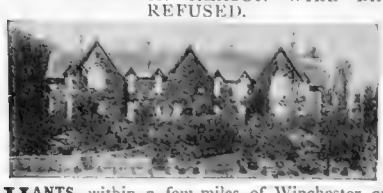
Telephone: Western 1 (60 lines)

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

ONE OF THE CHEAPEST PROPERTIES EVER OFFERED.
BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTORS.
NO OFFER IN REASON WILL BE REFUSED.



HANTS, within a few miles of Winchester, on high ground, COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS, approached by a long carriage drive, and surrounded by EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 3¼ ACRES: lounge hall, 5 reception, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall; stabling.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A REALLY CHEAP PROPERTY.
INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

SURREY HILLS (only 40 minutes from City and West End).—To be SOLD, one of the most up-to-date and delightful PROPERTIES now in the market, in a lovely situation. COMMANDING EXQUISITE VIEWS, well away from road, approached by carriage drive: lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, billiard room, 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS; excellent stabling, motor garage; PRETTY GROUNDS OF 5½ ACRES; gas and Company's water.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN. PRICE REDUCED FROM 5,500 GNS. TO 3,900 GNS.

HERTS (in a much sought after district, 30 miles from London).—To be SOLD, the above charming RESIDENCE, in one of the prettiest and most sought after districts in the HOME COUNTIES. It is approached by a long carriage drive, and stands in its own EXQUISITE GROUNDS AND LAND of 10 ACRES: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, 5 COTTAGES. PRICE ONLY 3,900 gns.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HEREFORDSHIRE (in a favourite part).—To be SOLD, by private treaty, a Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 410 ACRES, comprising the above stone-built MANSION, containing: 4 reception, 20 bedrooms, etc.; ample stabling; PRETTY, WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS, noted for fine show of rhododendrons and other choice shrubs and ornamental trees; good farmhouse, farm-buildings, etc., in good repair. Price, only £14,000.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

EXCELLENT SHOOTING AND 3 MILES FISHING BY ARRANGEMENT.

ASTON-ON-CLUM, amidst some of the most beautiful scenery in Shropshire.—To be LET, Furnished, the above charming RESIDENCE, containing: 7 bed and dressing, 3 reception rooms; stabling, garage; delightful SHADY GROUNDS; excellent social neighbourhood.—Further particulars, etc., Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,562)

NORTH WALES.—Only £300 PER ANNUM, Furnished, including 2,000 ACRES SHOOTING, 400 acres cover, 6 MILES FISHING. To be LET, a CASTELLATED RESIDENCE, 400ft. above sea, approached by ½ mile carriage drive, and containing: 16 bed and dressing, 4 bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; lovely old grounds.—Photos, etc., Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 8,004)

SOUTH DEVON (most exclusive part of Exeter, within one mile of L. and S.W. and G.W. Railway Stations, 500ft. above sea level).—Charming RESIDENCE, with Southern aspect and lovely views, to be LET, FURNISHED, containing some 6 good bedrooms, 3 excellent [illegible] rooms, drawing room (26ft. by 17ft.), di[illegible] (22ft. by 15ft.), 2 bathrooms, dressing [illegible], complete offices; beautifully furnished th[illegible]; stabling for 2, garage, etc.; large conser[illegible], pretty grounds of about 1½ acres; near [illegible]; salmon and trout fishing in neighb[illegible].—Further particulars and rent of Agent[illegible] HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

By order of G. Bleddyn T. Nicholl, Esq., J.P.

"COURT BLEDDYN,"

LLANGIBBY, MONMOUTH.

The whole of the VALUABLE CONTENTS of this

OLD HISTORICAL RESIDENCE

Will be SOLD, by AUCTION, on April 30, and the following day.

Including a FAMOUS
OLD XVIIth CENTURY BEDSTEAD OF CARVED OAK
(For three hundred years at Court Bleddyn).
A SUPERB PAIR OF CHARLES II. ARMCHAIRS.
A Massive Old JACOBEAN REFECTORY TABLE of Carved Black Oak.
A Number of Fine Old LONG-CASE and other CLOCKS.
A XVIIth CENTURY BLACK AND GOLD LAC CABINET AND SCREENS.
CHIPPENDALE AND OTHER MIRRORS.
CARVED OAK COFFERS.
AN OLD SEDAN CHAIR.

A COLLECTION of DECORATIVE CHINA

including specimens of Nantgarw, Swansea, Old Copeland, Spode, Crown Derby, Old Worcester, Sèvres, Oriental, and other porcelains.

Old Drinking Glasses, Old Cut Glass, Bronzes, etc.

A quantity of BOOKS, including a number of volumes of interest to Collectors.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES (Price 6d. each) may be had when ready of the Auctioneers,

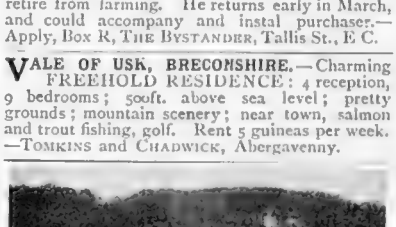
MESSRS. NICHOLAS.
4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.

NOTICE.—The interesting old RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, either with or without some excellent shooting.
Full particulars of the Auctioneers, as above.

OLD OAK PANELLING.—A room (21ft. by 17ft. 6in. by 11ft. 6in. high, with ceiling complete; panelled in genuine old oak panelling in large panels taken from chapel several hundred years old. To be SOLD.—Apply, H. LINAKER and SON, Estate Agents, Frodsham.

CANADA.—For SALE, 3 established FARMS, in the highest state of cultivation, within 30 miles of Winnipeg, with a good train service, especially suitable for mixed farming or dairying, there being great demand in the city of Winnipeg for milk. They have been worked as 1 farm, but could be sold separately as a half-section, 340 acres and 2 quarters each 160. Proprietor now in this country, having had serious illness, wishes to retire from farming. He returns early in March, and could accompany and instal purchaser.—Apply, Box R, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

VALE OF USK, BRECONSHIRE.—Charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms; 500ft. above sea level; pretty grounds; mountain scenery; near town, salmon and trout fishing, golf. Rent 5 guineas per week.—TOMKINS and CHADWICK, Abergavenny.



UNEQUALLED ON THE SOUTH COAST.
A CHARMING MARINE RESIDENCE.
SITUATED AMIDST UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS OF GREAT NATURAL BEAUTY OVERLOOKING THE SEA.
350ft. above sea level. Equable climate. Sheltered situation. Up-to-date conveniences. Acetylene gas.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED, a delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: inner hall, billiard room, 3 reception rooms, complete offices, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 4; cottage; lodge entrance; singularly beautiful grounds of 18 acres, including 2 MILES OF ROMANTIC WOODED CLIFF WALKS.
—Inspected and strongly recommended by FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (2,193)

A PERFECT OLD PLACE.
AN ABSOLUTELY IDEAL ESTATE ON A SMALL SCALE.
WINCHESTER (a short drive from the historic city).
This is a really attractive place. DRY SOIL. NEAR GOLF. FISHING. Only 1¼ hours from London. Excellent sporting and social district.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, on bargain terms, a very beautiful HOUSE, as above, in the midst of 24 acres of beautifully timbered grounds and PARKLIKE MEADOW-LANDS: 14 bedrooms, boxroom, bathroom, billiard room, square hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling; cottages.—Strongly recommended from inspection by FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (4,627)

SALE, MARCH 26.

KENT (Cranbrook, near Tonbridge).—Charming old-world COUNTRY RESIDENCE and 23 acres, with mill pond and stream, known as "HOCKEREDGE."

A PRETTY COUNTRY COTTAGE and 2½ acres at SISSINGHURST, near Cranbrook, known as "Loves Corner House." With possession.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA.—"Domneva House," Roxburgh Road," and "Duncans" and "Kenilworth," Canterbury Road; good sea views.

CROYDON, SURREY. — Detached, double-fronted RESIDENCE, "Heathcote," No 12, Park Hill Road; good accommodation; motor-house; ground ½ acre.

BAYSWATER. — TOWN RESIDENCE, "Welwyn House," No. 18, Monmouth Road, Queen's Road. With possession.

Messrs. REYNOLDS and EASON will include the above in their Sale of Freehold and Leasehold Properties at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, March [illegible], at 2 o'clock precisely, in numerous lots.—Particulars of the Auctioneers, 192, Bishopsgate, E.C.

TELEGRAMS: "Mercoral, London."

F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE No. 1579 Gerrard.

SOUTH WEST OF ENGLAND.
THE FINEST PART OF THE COAST.

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY

£1,750 (including much valuable timber) will PURCHASE one of the choicest and cheapest ESTATES in the market. Near main line station.
DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE, in perfect order and repair: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, large attics; carriage drive ½ mile long.
LOVELY OLD-WORLD GROUNDS, charmingly wooded; capital farmery; good stabling; abundant water supply; light soil.
23 ACRES.
—Personally inspected and very strongly recommended by the SOLE AGENTS, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above. Photos, plan, etc., on application.

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST PROPERTIES IN SUSSEX.

NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—3 reception, billiard, bath, 8 bedrooms; excellent stabling; pretty old pleasure grounds and parklike paddocks of 9 ACRES.
Main water; modern drainage; light soil.
Bargain, 3,000 guineas.
—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

OXFORDSHIRE (near Banbury).—A MOST PERFECT AND HEALTHY LITTLE ESTATE of 15 ACRES. Charming stone-built Residence: good hall, 4 reception, bath, 9 bedrooms (3 double); BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS; excellent stabling; never-failing water supply; good hunting. BARGAIN, 5,000 GUINEAS.
—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

TIMES' PRICE BARGAINS.

ESSEX (near Colchester). — Pretty gabled RESIDENCE: pretty grounds, stabling, farmhouse, 5 cottages, and 55 ACRES (30 acres prolific orchards in full bearing). £3,500.

HANTS (near Andover).—Quaint old JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE; pretty grounds; stabling, garage; extensive buildings, and 130 acres of rich land. Bargain, £2,750.

SUSSEX (near Horsham). — GEORGIAN MANSION: stabling, garage; 6 cottages; beautiful pleasure grounds and heavily timbered park of 150 ACRES. Price, £6,000.
—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

AN IDEAL HOME
ON THE LOVELY SURREY HILLS.

ONLY 15 MILES FROM TOWN, yet in the midst of some of the most picturesque country in the south of England. The IMPOSING RESIDENCE, which contains large hall, 4 handsome reception, billiard, bath, 13 bedrooms, is approached by a long, beautifully timbered carriage drive, with lodge at entrance. There is good stabling, motor garage, charming pleasure grounds, gardener's cottage, and 15 ACRES of prettily timbered paddocks.
GAS, MAIN WATER, TELEPHONE, GOLF ADJOINING.
BARGAIN, £7,500. RENT, £250 PER ANN.
—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

COMMANDING LOVELY LAND AND SEA VIEWS.

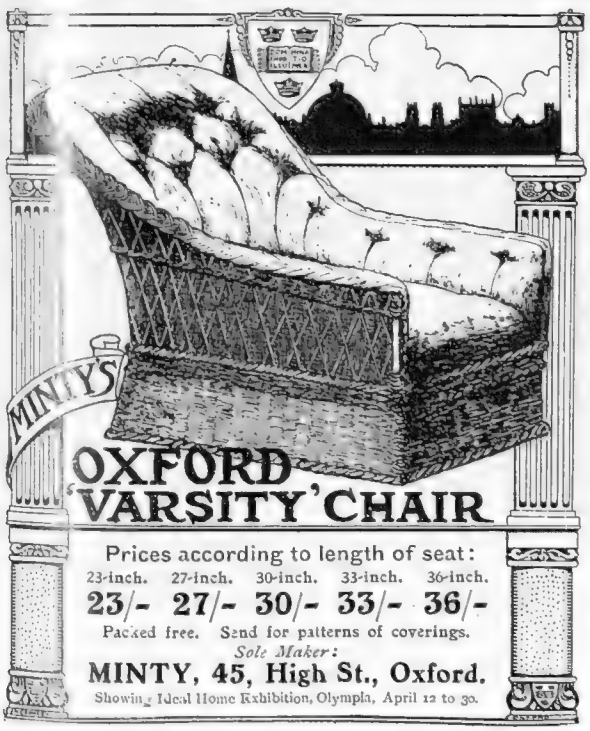
KENT (near Canterbury; 1¼ hours from Town). —Small COUNTRY MANSION, charming situation, 400ft. above sea level, well sheltered: 16 bed and dressing rooms, billiard, 3 bath, and 3 handsome reception rooms; beautiful grounds, well arranged in terraces, etc.; 4 cottages; capital stabling; FARMERY; natural woodlands, in all 32 ACRES.
For Sale at a sacrificial price. Excellent hunting, golf; first-rate order throughout; shooting over 1,500 acres could be arranged.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

COMMANDING SPLENDID VIEWS OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

SUSSEX (near Lewes).—The RESIDENCE above depicted, contains oak-galleried hall, 4 reception, billiard, bath, 17 bed and dressing rooms: modern drainage; long drive, pretty lodge, excellent stabling, coachman's cottage, farmery. BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 120 ACRES.
Bargain, £13,000.
—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.
FOR SALE AT ABOUT HALF COST.

HANTS (close to a station 10 miles from Winchester).—One of the BEST-BUILT and MOST ATTRACTIVE PROPERTIES in the district: lounge hall, 4 reception, bath, 10 bedrooms.
HIGH UP, LIGHT SOIL, GLORIOUS VIEWS.
EXQUISITE PLEASURE GROUNDS OF ABOUT 4 ACRES.
Stabling, garage; main water, gas;
HUNTING, FISHING, BOATING, GOLF
Freehold, £2,600.
—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.



Prices according to length of seat:

23-inch.	27-inch.	30-inch.	33-inch.	36-inch.
23/-	27/-	30/-	33/-	36/-

Packed free. Send for patterns of coverings.
Sole Maker:
MINTY, 45, High St., Oxford.
Showing Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, April 12 to 30.

FREE MEAL SCHEME.
How to help HUNGRY MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN.
See the DAILY GRAPHIC.
Price One Penny.
BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF MORNING PAPERS.
Office: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

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PRISM BINOCULARS
ARE OPTICALLY AND MECHANICALLY PERFECT.

OF ALL OPTICIANS.

Half Actual Size.

AN IDEAL TOURIST'S AND LADY'S BINOCULAR.

THE MOST PORTABLE PRISM BINOCULAR MADE.

The magnifying power exceeds that of 95 per cent. of the ordinary forms of Field Glasses, yet it can be carried in the pocket.

Our List contains the largest selection of Prism Binoculars made by any one firm in the world. They are designed to meet the wants of all who require a reliable aid to vision at a moderate price.

Post free from
EMIL BUSCH OPTICAL CO.,
35, Charles Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH

Chosen by the British Admiralty for Service at Sheerness Dockyard.

THE trustworthiness of the Design, Material and Workmanship of Armstrong-Whitworth Cars has received signal recognition—the British Admiralty having just placed an order for one of our 15-20 h.p. models fitted with our "Dublin" Torpedo Body. This order was secured in strict competition with other makers, a fact worth consideration by prospective purchasers.

1912 MODELS & CHASSIS PRICES.

15-20 h.p. 4 cyl. 80 x 135, 4 speeds, 815 x 105 Tyres ... £375
17-25 h.p. 4 cyl. 85 x 135, 4 speeds, 820 x 120 Tyres ... £435
22'5 h.p. 4 cyl. 95 x 120, 4 speeds 820 x 120 Tyres ... £465
25'5 h.p. 4 cyl. 100 x 120, 4 speeds, 820 x 120 Tyres ... £500
30-50 h.p. 6 cyl. 90 x 135, 4 speeds, 895 x 135 Tyres ... £350

All Models covered by Comprehensive Free Insurance Policy.

SIR W.G. ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH & Co., Ltd., Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Sales Dept.—9, Blenheim Street, Bond Street, London, W. Manchester: 114, Deansgate.

The luxurious Lanchester is the favourite Car with ladies because so comfortable. They like its easy suspension, low step, wide doors, roomy interior. Swift, silent, sweet-running.
Trial runs at your convenience. Write to-day for Catalogue.

Lanchester
MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.

ARMOURER MILLS, BIRMINGHAM. 95, NEW BOND ST. LONDON, W. 38, KING ST. WEST, MANCHESTER.
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GOOD TAILORING
At Moderate Prices

. . The manner in which a man orders clothes from Mr. Cubitt's establishment is reminiscent of the way he consults his solicitor upon matters important and personal. Here—on a first floor—cosy and quiet—a man chats over his requirements in an atmosphere of refinement and unobtrusiveness which strongly appeals to men who consider the ordering of clothes as something apart from ordinary shopping. Mr. Cubitt always gives personal attention and supervision to each customer's requirements, and his charges are extremely moderate when compared with those of most West End Tailors.

	FROM
Lounge Suit	70/-
Overcoat .. .	63/-
Dress Suit	105/-

Send a Postcard for Styles and Price List.

B. Cubitt & Co
TAILORS & BREECHES MAKERS
Established 1860
FIRST FLOOR 223, Oxford St. London, W.

LATEST SYSTEMS OF LIGHTING

By Electricity, Petrol-Gas, and Acetylene.

What a Client says—

Letter from the Most Honourable
THE MARCHIONESS OF SLIGO.

82, Eaton Square, S.W.

"I have much pleasure in saying that I am thoroughly satisfied with the Installation of Electric Light that you put up at Mount Browne, Guildford, for me. I have used the light for two years, and have had no trouble with it. I found your workmen very civil and careful, and they spoiled nothing."

DRAKE & GORHAM, LTD.
(ESTABLISHED 1886.)

LONDON - - 66B, Victoria Street, S.W.
MANCHESTER - 47B, Spring Gardens.
GLASGOW - - 50B, Wellington Street.

The New 15 h.p. de Luxe

Panhard

the most perfect expression of Motor Engineering to date.
Chassis with Wire Wheels and Dunlop Tyres, £350.
Trial runs by arrangement.

W. & G. DU CROS Ltd,
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Telegrams: "Voiturante."
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To
AUSTRALIANS

Write
To ALFRED HOLT & Co.,
India Buildings, LIVERPOOL,
For full particulars concerning
THE BLUE FUNNEL LINE.

BY APPOINTMENT.

15,000 miles on
PRATT'S
PERFECTION
MOTOR SPIRIT

This is what one of the big cars did last season without involuntary stop! PRATT'S is the spirit to pile up the miles, to flatten out the hills, to get the utmost out of your car, the cleanest, swiftest, most reliable running.

Look for the green can with the new dustless flat top.

"QUALITY WILL TELL!"

AFTER ONE SIMPLE SITTING.

A WONDERFUL NEW METHOD BY WHICH FACIAL BEAUTY IS RESTORED AND CREATED PERMANENTLY AFTER A REMARKABLY SHORT TREATMENT.

WRINKLES are caused by loose or superfluous skin which creases and so becomes wrinkled. To eradicate the wrinkles, this looseness must be adjusted — the superfluous skin transferred. This is exactly what the "Willi" method accomplishes in one single visit. There are no months of tortuous waiting—no useless pomades and creams to use—no vain longings for a much overdue improvement which seldom materialises. A few minutes' treatment and the unsightly wrinkles are wiped away for ever, as by the wave of a magic wand.

The two photographs above show the wonderful alteration that was brought about after only a single sitting. Age makes no difference. The original of the photo was over fifty years of age at the time of treatment.

There is no "but" or "if" about the "Willi" method—it is successful *always*, without possibility of failure, because it is based on scientific principles, and carried out on sound, common-sense lines.

Try this simple experiment for yourself and prove the truth underlying the "Willi" method. Stand in front of your mirror and with the finger-tips smooth down the loose skin where it has become wrinkled, placing the fingers round the cheek-bones and stretching the skin *outward* from the eyes and *upward* from the mouth, you will see what a wonderful difference even this alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day, quickly and permanently, and without the least inconvenience, at the Willi Institute.

The same scientific principles are applied for the correction of *ugly, crooked or disfigured noses, prominent ears, baggy and ill-shaped lips, receding or weak chins, superfluous hair, prominent collar-bones, and double chin.*

No matter what form of facial defect or blemish you suffer from, you will find speedy relief and will acquire perfect facial appearance at the Willi Institute. The Principal is in attendance daily from 10 to 6 to offer you helpful advice—to show you how to obtain facial perfection at a cost as inexpensive as it is consistent with highly scientific methods, which make failure impossible.

To those unable to call personally at the Institute, a copy of "How to Create and Renew Facial Beauty" will be sent sealed on receipt of 3*d.* in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

For nose correction you should send for the scientific treatise on disfigured noses, written by F. Koch, physician and surgeon. This treatise contains over 100 illustrations, showing exactly how bad or unsightly noses are corrected. The price of this volume complete is 2*s.*, and it will be sent post free in sealed envelope on receipt of that sum.

THE C. H. WILLI INSTITUTE OF FACIAL PERFECTION, Dept. KA 475, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

SHOOLBRED'S

TOTTENHAM HOUSE - TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD - LONDON - W.

One of the well known
SPORTS SKIRTS

THE SUNNINGDALE

These Skirts are unequalled for their smart cut and fit, and their suitability for sport, walking, and country wear.

The Skirt illustrated is made in a variety of good quality Homespuns—with box pleat or panel back—with or without patch pocket—with high waist or ordinary waistband—in 30 designs and colourings—also in black, navy, and cream serge. Waist 24 in., length 36 in. to 42 in.

21/- To measure, 2/6 extra.

Patterns and Self-measure Forms Post Free.

Carriage Paid on all Drapery Goods anywhere in the United Kingdom.

For the Lasting Good of Your Complexion

use Pomeroy Skin Food daily. The beneficial effects of this ideal preparation are immediate and lasting. After a few applications of

POMEROY SKIN FOOD

your Skin will look clearer, healthier, younger. That means enhanced facial charm. Can you wonder then that so many thousands of women regularly use Pomeroy Skin Food?

TRIAL JAR POST FREE IF 3d. IS SENT.

Price **1/6, 3/3 & 5/-** *a jar. Obtainable from Chemists, Stores, or direct from* **Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd., 29), Old Bond St., London, W.**

Hunting, Fishing,
Shooting, Golfing,
Polo, Motoring.

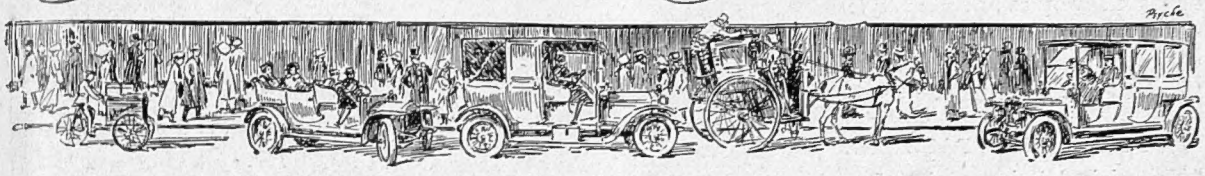
CALIFORNIA.

Ideal Climate. Luxurious Travelling.
Sunset Limited. Trains de Luxe.

Full Particulars from RUD FALCK, General European Agent, Southern Pacific Company,

49, LEADENHALL STREET, E.C.
22, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W. } LONDON.
21, WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

AS with everything else in connection with the dress of the hour, a vast amount of contradictory matter is afloat anent corsets. Some declare we are in for a sharp change of silhouette, which includes a curved in waist, while others entirely pooh-pooh the suggestion, and will not recognise any other than a perfectly straight form. So with a whirling brain I straightway departed to Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street.

The Admirable "Margot" Corset

Here I found that famed *corsetière*, Madame Zilva, quite calm and pursuing the even tenor of her customary success, wholly unmoved by all the pother. And why? Because she was just that little more in advance that means so much with "*Le Corset Margot.*" Occasion has before been found to discuss the "Margot" in these columns, and perhaps no finer evidence of its value could be offered than the necessity of doing so again. In the adjoined sketch you have the "Margot" admirably portrayed, the picture showing just the scintillation of waist-curve now permissible. It is just a mere shadow of an indentation, while above the waist there comes the feature of the model, a band of elastic.

The "Margot" has had an unprecedented success, and Mme. Zilva has recently brought out a model in cotton *broché* at a guinea, a sum representing most remarkable value; or for 3*s.* extra it may be had in *batiste*, silk *broché* coming out at 35*s.* 6*d.* A superb model, ideally comfortable, is the "Miquette," which at its most alluring is fashioned of silk "Tricot," very lightly boned. The cut is exceptionally long over the hips.

Madame Zilva has only just returned from Paris, where she made the deepest researches, and, bringing her own expert experience to bear on the matter, may be absolutely relied upon for accurate information. Nor is it Mme. Zilva's object to sell only expensive made-to-measure corsets. The ready-to-wear department is equally under her control. But where the great advantage comes in of dealing with her is in her fine knowledge of how each individual figure should be treated.

THE "MARGOT" CORSET AT MESSRS. DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY'S

A Wide Choice in Curtains

There is no item connected with the home of more importance than the window aspect, the pleasing appearance of both the exterior and interior of a house depending largely upon the kind and style of blinds and curtains requisitioned. Now the ruling powers at Tottenham House are ready and prepared to meet every demand, their supply of lace and muslin curtains being only equalled by the exceeding beauty and delicacy of the designs, while not the least attractive detail, from the economical housewife's point of view, is the steady determination evinced of keeping the prices down to the lowest possible dimensions.

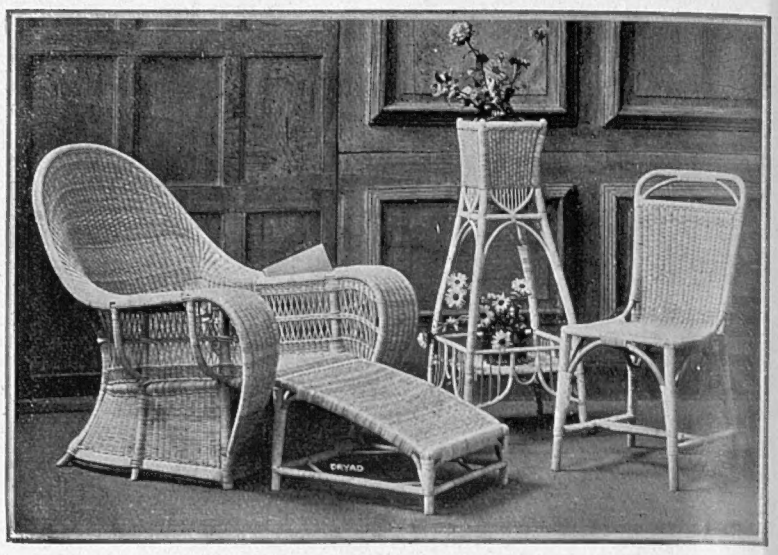
Quite charming is a cable-net curtain with *point esprit* ground and Marie Antoinette border that Messrs. Shoolbred are selling in a three-yards' length at half a guinea the pair, this being only one design from a long choice of similarly serviceable and good wearing makes. Lovely Swiss curtains, ranging in price from one to six guineas, include several noticeably nice designs, among which comes a fancy stripe with large leaf border, 32*s.* 6*d.*, and a graceful festoon centre with basket border, 37*s.* 6*d.* Plain muslin curtains with broad hems, inset with lace

insertion, represent wonderful value at half a guinea the pair, as does also a soft finished net curtain, inlet and trimmed gold lace at 18*s.* 9*d.* This is a make strongly recommended for country houses. Vitrage curtains, made up or procurable by the yard, are offered in every conceivable style and variety, and Messrs. Shoolbred are willing to make any style of curtain to special measurement.

FURNISHING FASHIONS

The original designs of the "Dryad" Furniture are interesting as being in a great measure the result of a class of apprentices from the Dryad works held at the local school of art under the able supervision of the headmaster. It is an instance of a British manufacturer working somewhat on the lines of a number of Continental industries where the workman is encouraged to design for himself rather than be the tool to carry out another man's ideas. As craftsmen they understand far better than the artist the value of sound construction as against striving after effect. The latter in a large number of cases cannot be carried out satisfactorily and tends to lower the quality of the work.

"Dryad" Furniture has recently been introduced on a number of ships, and it is interesting to know that chairs are at present being made for the new White Star liner, *Titanic,* now being fitted up at Belfast by Messrs. Harland and Wolff. The *Titanic,* when finished, will be one of the largest and most up-to-date vessels in the world.

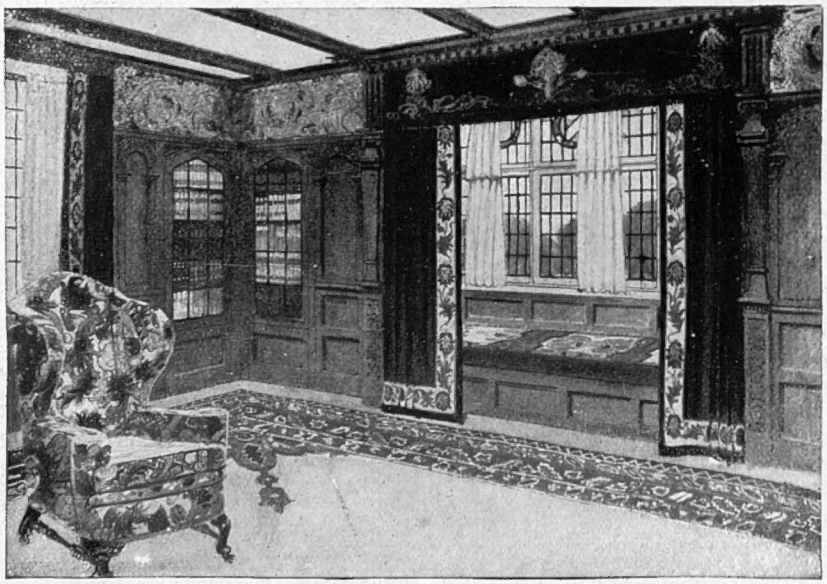


SOME ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN "DRYAD" CANE FURNITURE

The Season's Furnishing Fabrics at Williamson & Cole's

Like the jewel in a toad's head, the establishment of Messrs. Cole stands out conspicuously in Clapham High Street. It is always well worth while travelling down there, because it is a house of supreme taste in all pertaining to furnishing, but a journey just now will be well repaid merely to see the dressing of the two windows, the one working up a scheme in Nankin-blue, and the other black and gold Indian lacquer. These, of course, are extreme fancies, and only for the consideration of those who can afford to have every detail in harmony. But they serve to show the height to which Messrs. Williamson and Cole have attained.

To meet more general demands, they have, as is their custom, brought out a number of new fancies, together with fresh colours and designs. The "Adeline" is a title conferred on some charming curtains fashioned of a champagne satin cloth, with a rep back, bordered deeply with green satin cloth, and *appliqué* with a bold cretonne design, of poppies and hollyhocks. Running three and a quarter yards long, and unlined, the cost of these curtains per pair is only £3 3*s.* 9*d.*, half a guinea extra, however, being well expended on having them lined. The "Adeline" is sufficiently handsome in character to grace any drawing-room. And taking that fact into consideration the price is amazing.



A WINDOW INTERIOR WORKED OUT IN TURKEY COLOURINGS OF RED AND INDIGO BLUE AT WILLIAMSON AND COLE'S

A Window Interior

The window interior depicted is a particularly rich scheme, worked out in Turkey colourings of red and indigo blue. The curtains in this case are of Victorian velvet, the applied border representing a conventional design of the Indian lily on a deep cream ground, the pelmet being also treated with this embroidery. The carpet is an English Axminster, perfect in colouring, and the chair calls to mind one of Messrs. Williamson and Cole's strongest features, the manipulation of loose covers, the material used in this particular case being a handsome Indian tussore. I have a wealth more to tell of the attractions at this establishment, but, alas! see my allotted space has slipped away.

What the Best Writers on Beauty Culture think of Mrs. Adair in Europe

Mrs. Deborah Primrose writes:—

Only those who have been treated for some time by **Mrs. Eleanor Adair, the tall and dignified beauty-culturist who has practised for so many years at 92, NEW BOND STREET, (Oxford Street end), LONDON, W. (telephone, Gerrard 3782); 5, RUE CAMBON, PARIS; 21, WEST 38th STREET, NEW YORK; and 1, RUE CHAUVAIN, NICE,** can appreciate what a hobby she has made of her work, and how intensely interested she is in every department of it, and in designing special treatments, appliances, and preparations for the successful carrying on of that work.

Beginning with face-treatment for the removal of wrinkles, the prevention or filling up of hollows that were the result of illness or worry, and the restoration and enhancement of beauty in the complexion, by means, first, of the employment of her absolutely cleansing and bracing **Diable Skin Tonic (prices 21/6, 10/6, 7/6,** and **5/6),** and of a wonderful vegetable oil, the now celebrated **Ganesh Eastern Muscle Oil (prices 21/6, 10/6,** and **5/6),** which she imported from the Himalayas, she has never "stayed still," but has observed continually, with those large and lustrous dark eyes of hers, what various treatments a woman must have regularly if she is to maintain the youthfulness which characterises the beauty of face and form in the popular woman of to-day.

The treatment of the ageing double-chin was one of her first specialisings, and her manipulations of this, assisted by her **Ganesh Reducing Fluid (10/6** and **7/6),** or **Ganesh Retardin (6/6)** according to the special requirements of the case, and the wearing of that clever little invention of hers, the **Ganesh Chin Strap** (the first of its kind seen in England) really work wonders in taking away the superfluity of flesh, and restoring the pretty, girlish, oval contour of the face **(prices 21/6** and **25/6.**

Her treatment of the eyes is equally successful. Tired, yellow, and lined eyelids are restored to proper fulness, whiteness, and smoothness; lines beneath and beside the eyes are smoothed out by means of **Ganesh Bandelettes (10/6),** or **Forehead and Cheek Straps (25/6** and **42/6),** or, again, simply by the tappings and strappings of the long, cool fingers; eyes that are dull are made brilliant, and eyeballs that are yellow, or red, or bloodshot are made clear by means of her various **Ganesh Eye Lotions (price 5/6)** in every case prescribed by an eminent English oculist, and again exhibit the bluey-whiteness that one sees in the clean eyes of little children, and that is so fascinating a point of beauty.

Then, again, Mrs. Adair, whose own figure was superb, and remains so, was the first woman in England to devise a set of Physical Culture Exercises especially useful to women, to make their muscular tissues firm, to reduce obesity and ungainliness at any point, and to cultivate an elegant and distinguished carriage that adds height to the figure, straightens the back, and develops the chest when this is too narrow, or reduces the bust when this is necessary to beauty and symmetry of form.

But there are so many things that Mrs. Adair has introduced to us that space prevents us to mention, and in order to learn more of them our readers will do well to send to her for her really interesting and instructive book, called "*How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form*," which they may have for the asking at **92, New Bond Street, London,** though it is not, as perhaps may be imagined, the usual price list.

Healthy and Beautiful Skin

is more desirable than good features, and is much easier to obtain The irresistible attraction of a beautiful complexion is assured to every lady who uses daily

Shem-el-Nessim Toilet Cream

Perfumed with the Scent of Araby.

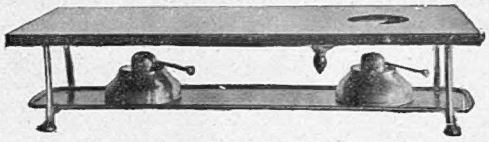
It keeps the skin free from blemish and renders it white and supple in spite of wind or sun.

Free from grease, it is rapidly absorbed by the skin and **does not promote the growth of down or superfluous hair.**

A FULL SIZE POT
with name of nearest agent, sent post free for **1/9.**

J. GROSSMITH & SON
Dept. C 11, Newgate St., LONDON

BENSON'S BREAKFAST HEATER



THIS HEATER HAS A SHUTTER WHICH IF MOVED ASIDE ALLOWS THE FULL HEAT OF LAMP—ALSO MOVABLE—TO BE USED FOR BOILING PURPOSES.

21 inches long.

ORICHALCUM OR COPPER } £2 17 6 ELECTRO-PLATE £4 7 6

To be had from the Sole Makers,

ORICHALCUM (W. A. S. Benson & Co., Ltd.),
82 & 83, New Bond St., London.

Indian Agents: F. & C. OSLER, Ltd., CALCUTTA.

If baby is fretful after his bath try Wright's Coal Tar Soap and note the peaceful content which will follow.

4d. per Tablet.

THE Nursery Soap.

The Editor's Box

In the Suburbs

The attraction this week at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, is the popular comic opera, *The Chocolate Soldier*. "The Follies" are at the Kennington, while *Baby Mine* visits the Marlborough, Holloway.

Steamship Postcards

A set of well-produced postcards in colours has just been issued by the Great Central Railway illustrating their fleet of well-equipped steamers, which maintain the services between Grimsby and Hamburg, Rotterdam, and Antwerp. The colouring of the various cards has been so artistically treated as to make the set the finest we have seen for some time. The packet of six cards is sold for the nominal sum of 2*d.*, and can be obtained at Great Central Station bookstalls, G.C.R. Town offices, or will be sent post free for 3*d.* from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

London's Lead

London is becoming noted more than ever for giving the lead to men's fashions in tailoring, so that men coming from the Colonies and abroad are always looking out for reliable firms with whom to place their orders. Messrs. B. Cubitt and Co., the tailors of 223, Oxford Street, W., cater largely for this class of custom. Messrs. Cubitt and Co.'s business, which, by the way, has been established for over fifty years, is conducted on a first floor, away from all suggestion of hurry and bustle, and the quiet and refined surroundings are much appreciated by men who like to choose their cloths and chat over their requirements in a quiet and confidential kind of manner. The principal gives all orders his personal attention and supervision, and, by reason of his expert knowledge and wide experience, customers are always assured of satisfaction in every detail. The prices, too, are extremely moderate compared with those of most West End tailoring houses.

The Berkefeld Filter

It is here seen fitted to an ordinary household service pipe over a sink. The cost is only 30*s.* complete

Bollinger Again!

On the occasion of the annual dinner of the Prudential Assurance Company, held at the Queen's Hall on the 8th inst., when about 800 people were present, Bollinger's 1904 vintage was the only champagne used.

The Berkefeld Filter

This well-known and efficient style of filter has grown largely in popularity during the last few years. It can be so simply and readily applied that it doubtless saves many a household from the secret terrors of impure water. Its price also brings it into the outer circle, as it were, of buyers of this kind of goods. Readers requiring further information regarding this excellent filter should send a line to the Berkefeld Filter Company, Ltd., 121, Oxford Street, London, W.

Humperdinck's Approval

It is somewhat interesting to note that Humperdinck, whose wonderful music has contributed so greatly to the success of *The Miracle*, is a strong advocate of the Pianola. In common with the chief musicians he endorses the fact that this instrument plays, to quote his own words, "with the taste and expression of an artiste." He attributes his preference for the Pianola largely to the Metrostyle, which is an exclusive feature of this instrument.

A Pretty Waltz

I have received a copy of a pretty waltz by Mr. N. De Yong, entitled "In the Moonlight." There is always room for a good waltz, and this one should prove an agreeable addition to many a dance programme. The music is published by Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter.

The Menu: SOME APPETISING HORS D'ŒUVRES AND SAVOURIES

Prawns with Caviare

Fry in butter to a light golden colour eight rounds of stale bread, about two inches in diameter. Put in a basin 2oz. of caviare, with half a shallot finely chopped, a few drops of lemon-juice, and a sprinkling of cayenne. Stir all thoroughly together, drain the toast, and when it is cool place a thin slice of lemon on each croûte and a teaspoonful of caviare on each. Place a picked prawn on each side of every croûte and half a stoned olive in the centre. Serve in a glass dish, and garnish with parsley.

Hot Sardine Paste

Remove the skin and bones from as many sardines as are contained in a tin, place the fish in a basin or mortar with the yolks (not the whites) of four hard-boiled eggs, one shallot finely minced, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a little salt, and a small spoonful of the oil from the tin. Let all these ingredients be well pounded until they are the consistency of paste. Spread on toast or biscuits and serve.

Egg and Kidney Toast

Fry slowly in butter for ten or fifteen minutes a minced calf's kidney, add to it a teacupful of thickened gravy or stock, nicely flavoured, and when it has simmered a few minutes spread the mixture on rounds of buttered toast. On the top of each round place a poached egg, and serve.

Anchovy Eggs

Boil four eggs hard. When cold remove the shells and cut a thin piece off each end of the eggs so that they will stand erect either way up. Cut them in halves, remove the yolks, and they will form eight little cups. Place the yolks in a basin with some fillets of anchovy and pound to a paste, adding a little cayenne and a few drops of wine vinegar. Fill up the white cups with this mixture, and sprinkle some finely minced parsley on the top. Decorate the eggs with parsley, and serve.

Sole Savoury

Chop finely the remains of a cooked sole, and mix it with 1oz. of butter, a few grains of cayenne, and a tablespoonful of essence of anchovy. Let this mixture simmer gently for about five minutes, then spread it on rounds of hot buttered toast, sprinkle over it a few picked shrimps, and garnish the dish with rings of hard-boiled eggs.

Tomato Toast

Have ready a tablespoonful of chopped ham and a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese. Put into a saucepan four tablespoonfuls of tomato purée, a little salt, a sprinkling of white sugar, a teaspoonful of French mustard, a teaspoonful of vinegar, pepper and salt to taste. An onion may be added and removed before serving. Let it all simmer together for a few minutes, then add the chopped ham and cheese, and stir all together until it is hot through. Just before serving stir in a well-beaten egg, and when it is thoroughly beaten into the mixture, serve on croûtons of fried bread.

EMILIA